HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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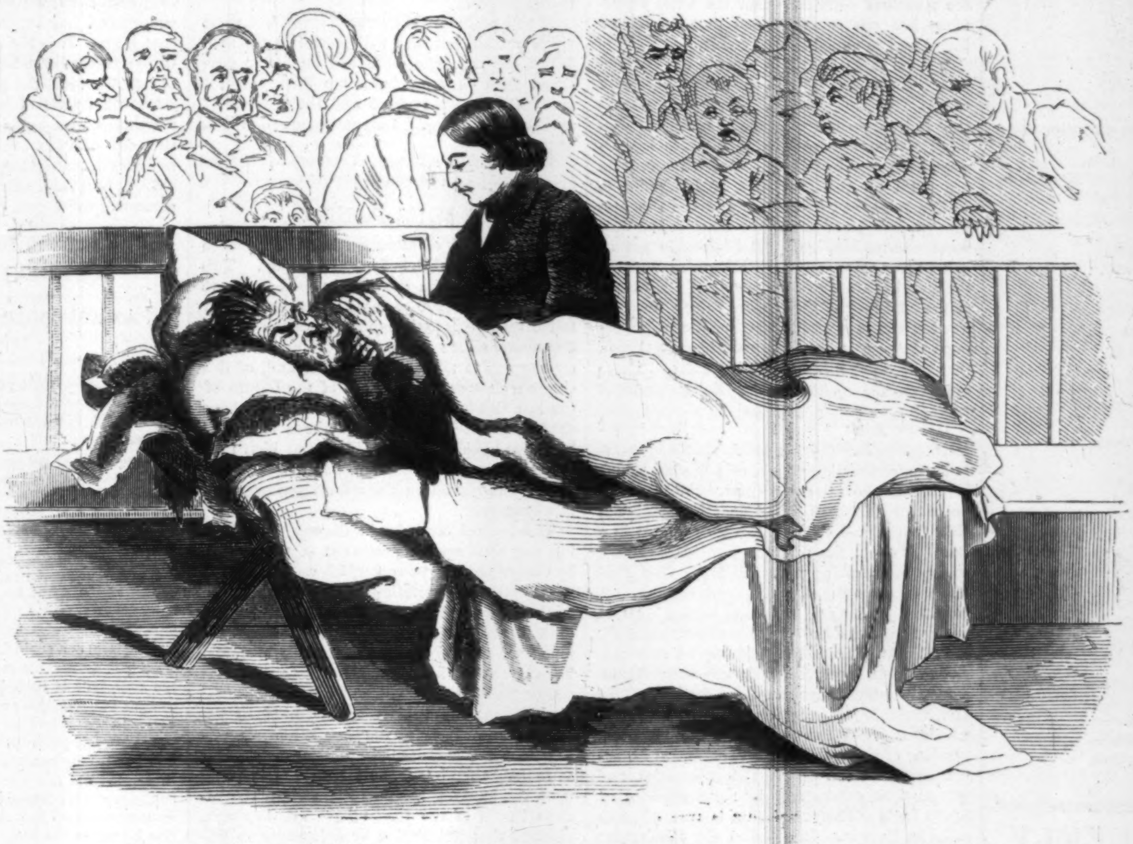
A NEW SERIAL.

We shall commence in an early number of *Harper's Weekly* a new Serial Tale by Wilkie Collins, Esq., of which we have purchased the advance proof-sheets from the author. This Tale will be continued through the *Weekly* till it is completed.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. Dickens's new Serial, "A Tale of Two Cities," was commenced in *Harper's Weekly* on May 7, and Mr. Curtis's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "Trumps," on April 9. We can send back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

We print from 80,000 to 93,000 copies per week.

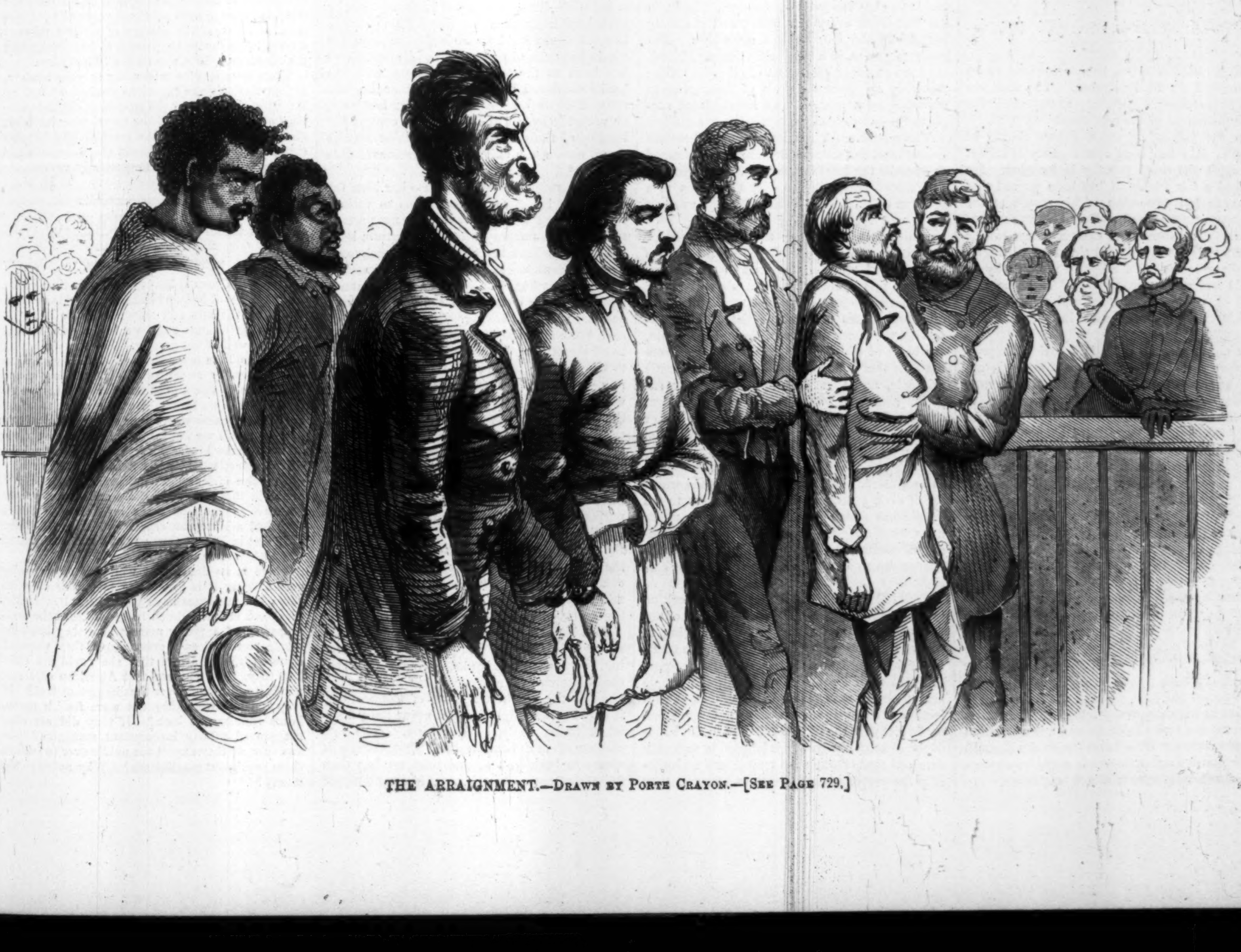


THE PRISONER BROWN AND HIS BOSTON COUNSEL, MR. HOYT.—Drawn by Porte Crayon.—[See Page 729.]

Our Illustrations.

We continue in this number our Illustrations of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, drawn by our special artist, Porte Crayon. We have now published the following Illustrations of this memorable event:

1. Harper's Ferry.
2. Another view of the same, showing the Armory, etc., etc.
3. The attack on the Engine-house by the U. S. Marines.
4. The Guard-room, with the wounded prisoners.
5. Brown, wounded and a prisoner, during his examination by Governor Wise.
6. Body of Brown's son.
7. The trial of Brown at Charlestown.
8. The arraignment.
9. Brown and his counsel, Mr. Hoyt.
10. Portrait of Colonel Washington.
11. Brown's arms—swivel gun and pike.
12. The school-house in the mountain, used by Brown as an arsenal.



THE ARRAIGNMENT.—Drawn by Porte Crayon.—[See Page 729.]

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY J. WALTER SCOTT.

The old church standeth
In a lonely nook,
Where the day gleameth
Through the tulip-trees,
Which forever look
On its mysteries.

The fang'd bug buzzeth
In the chancel-way;
The blue-fly crawleth
On the dusty pane;
And each sunny day
Brings an insect rain.

The gray rat rusheth
O'er the broken floor;
The black snake hisseth
From the crumbling wall;
While shakes the half-door
In the windy hall.

When the night falleth,
For its absent mate
The night-bird calleth—
And a mournful pall,
Like an accurs'd fate,
Wrappeth all—all—all.

The dim ghost stealeth
Through the grass-grown aisle;
The organ pealeth,
As in days of yore,
Through the ruined pile,
"Forevermore."

When the Old Year dieth,
At the watch-night noon,
The New Year cometh;
And a spectral throng
Fill the darken'd room
With prayer and song.

And again preacheth
The white-haired priest;
And again kneeleth
A repentant crowd.
At the holy feast—
Some weeping aloud.

Oft the wind tolleth
The old, cracked bell;
And each stroke soundeth
Like a dying groan,
Or a cry from hell,
In dolorous tone.

Mystery palleth
Without and within;
Deep darkness falleth
On all things below—
Mixing what hath been—
Mixing woe—woe—woe.

KINGSTON, on the Hudson, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

WILL JOHN BROWN BE HANGED?

JOHN BROWN has been sentenced to be hanged on 2d December. The question is, Will Governor Wise interpose to prevent the accomplishment of the sentence?

On the face of it, John Brown should be hanged. He has been found guilty of crimes for which the fixed penalty is hanging. He has had a fair trial. It has been proved that he was in full possession of his reason at the time the crimes proved against him were committed. No extenuating circumstances can be urged in his case. He did the deed wittingly, and there seems to be no good reason why he should not suffer the penalty. If he be respited or pardoned, murder and treason must cease to be capital offenses in the Old Dominion.

At the same time there is a decided impression abroad that John Brown will not be hanged. Authoritative newspapers and Democratic leaders have expressed opinions favorable to the commutation of his sentence. Appeals for mercy to Governor Wise have been forwarded from highly respectable quarters. Most of these take the ground that Old Brown was a fanatic and a madman, and that it would reflect honor on the South to pardon his crime out of charity. It is urged that, after all, John Brown only carried into practical effect the teachings of the New York *Tribune*, and other Abolitionist organs; and that while the teachers escape unscathed, it is not worth while to execute the poor ignorant disciples.

We have no advice to offer Governor Wise on the point; if he be the man we take him for, he needs none. Certain it is that the hanging of Brown would strengthen, as the pardon of Brown would discredit, the Northern Abolitionist party. Whether the relaxation of justice in his case would tempt other fanatics to repeat his treasonable attempts, is a question which Governor Wise must decide for himself. If the pardoning of Brown is going to encourage other adventurers to attack Southern strongholds and call for more Southern servile insurrections, it will prove a bad precedent. But if the South can afford to be merciful to this deluded old man, it will stand much better in Northern eyes for the contest of next year.

DEMOCRACY IN CITIES.

WELL-ORDERED newspapers keep among their usual "standing matter" the heads, "RIOT AT BALTIMORE"—"MORE BLOODSHED AND ROWDYISM." Ever since the brutal murder of General Lingan, the city of Baltimore, one of the most beautiful and pleasantest cities in the Union—a place famous for the charming tone of its society, the wit and good-breeding of its men, and the beauty of its women—has been chiefly notorious for periodical riots and ever-recurring scenes of turbulence, blackguardism, and bloodshed. During the last thirty years every three months, at least, some disgraceful affray at Baltimore has attracted the scorn and aroused the horror of civilized people. We need hardly add—as we are in the month of elections—that the usual scrimmage has just come off, and that the list of killed and wounded is respectable.

The inference drawn by most of our contemporaries is unfavorable to the moral character of the Baltimore people. One journal says that Baltimoreans are naturally rowdies. Another asserts that the Baltimore police has always been very inefficient. A third founds an argument on the proximity of Baltimore to Philadelphia and Washington, and insinuates that the roughs of these two cities, when they want excitement, go to Baltimore to get it. We do not propose to institute an inquiry into the moral character of the people of Baltimore, or the efficiency of their police force; nor is it worth while to examine whether the neighboring cities use it as a neutral ground whereon they may enjoy a frolic with impunity. These are questions which concern Baltimore more than us.

But we think it is well to remember, in reviewing the Baltimore scandal, that it is merely an extreme development of a feature which is common to all great cities. Within two years there has been a Vigilance Committee at New Orleans; New York has been almost in a state of siege, the military have paraded the streets in marching order, and the City Hall has been the scene of a desperate conflict. A very few years since periodical battles between firemen rendered Philadelphia almost uninhabitable. At Boston the burning of convents, and the riots attendant upon the surrender of a fugitive slave, have not been forgotten. In fact, there is no great city in the Union in which, at some time or other, the turbulent passions of the mob have not contended for supremacy with the established authorities, and proved their earnestness by some sacrifice of life or limb. The same thing is true of great cities in Europe. In London the Parliament has been frequently overawed by mobs; time was when the Duke of Wellington dared not be seen entering his house; and Lord George Gordon's riots are well remembered. In Paris the mob rises every few years, and generally overthrows the Government altogether. Experience proves, in a word, that riots and bloodshed are natural phenomena of all great cities; that they are the usual fruit of heterogeneous assemblages of men, and an accumulated surplus of active animal energy.

The question for the legislator is, therefore—how shall this natural phenomenon be treated so as to be the least destructive?

Without presuming to offer a solution to a problem of such undoubted difficulty, we may make one remark. A grave error has been committed in organizing the Government of most of our cities. The elective principle has been carried too far. In most of the leading cities of this country we elect all manner of city officials—judges, magistrates, police-officers, and others upon whom the duty of preserving the peace devolves. As a general rule, the habit of electing these officials arose from the idea that it was consonant with democratic principle, and that their appointment by superior authority would smack of monarchical usage. In New York, and perhaps in one or two other cities, certain city offices have been rendered elective for base and corrupt purposes, through the manœuvres of rogues who wanted to be elected. But as a general rule, the transfer of civic patronage from the mayors to the people has arisen from the notion that, under a democratic régime, the people were the fountain of power, and therefore that they should choose the smallest as well as the highest official.

The fallacy which underlies this proposition is at last becoming understood. People of undoubted political orthodoxy are beginning to realize that democracy does not mean the transfer of the whole administrative business of government to the people, but that if the people are at liberty to choose administrators, the selection of executive instruments had much better be left with them than retained in the hands of the electoral body. It is beginning to be understood that, though the people are undoubtedly the proper parties to choose a mayor, they are very badly qualified to choose constables and street commissioners; and that, if you insist on throwing that duty upon them, they can not but fall a prey to knaves. In a country village every voter may be competent to judge of the fitness of a candidate for the office of justice or constable; but in a city of over half a million inhabitants the most that can be expected is, that people will know something of the men proposed for Mayor, Aldermen, and Councilmen. So long as the people retain the right of appointing the chief executive and legislative officials their sovereignty remains complete; if they are driven to do more, it is not increased, but—from the fact that they are morally incompetent to discharge the duty conscientiously—it is impaired.

The first step essential for the reform of our civic systems is the restoration of the old plan of concentrated authority. Mayors and Common Councils should be elected by the people; all other municipal offices should be filled by appointment. In New York, judicial authority should be reserved to the judges appointed by the Mayor; there should be an end of Aldermanic justice.

It will probably take some time before these views prevail, but they will prevail in the end. When they do, our cities will be better governed than they are, and the "irrepressible conflict" between rowdies and the established authorities will be less inconvenient than it is at present.

BOGUS BANKS.

A GOOD deal of attention has latterly been directed to the subject of bogus banking. Two Canadian banks, in sufficiently good credit to get nearly $200,000 of notes afloat, have lately failed, seemingly to the injury of noteholders and depositors alike; while the revelations made on the recent trial of Warren Leland, of this city, on charges growing out of the failure of the late Colchester Bank in Connecticut, have shed a useful light on the methods employed by bogus bank financiers. It seems high time that the general subject of banking were reviewed and placed on a new footing throughout this country.

The radical difficulty in the way of reforming our bank system grows out of the neglect by Congress of the powers which were conferred on it by the Constitution, and the usurpation of those powers by the States. The Constitution, in set terms, forbids States from issuing money or embarking in the banking business. That it was the intention of the framers of that document to reserve altogether to the General Government the powers thus denied to the States there can be no doubt. While submitting to the constitutional prohibition, in so far as to deny themselves the privilege of entering upon the banking business themselves, the various States of the Union have all, however, violated that prohibition by delegating to private corporations the powers which were denied to themselves. Under the old and undoubted legal rule—"No man can delegate power which is not his"—the chartering of banks of issue by State Legislatures has been illegal from the first. But the abuse has been so universal, and the whole commercial system of the United States has been so thoroughly interwoven with the banks chartered by the various State Legislatures, that no successful effort ever has been, or probably ever will be made to contest the legality of their existence. We must assume them, now, as an existing and incontrovertible fact.

The consequence of this abuse has been the creation of banks under conditions so various that the most learned lawyer can not pretend to state from memory what constitutes a legal bank. New York has one law, Massachusetts another, Connecticut another, Illinois another, Virginia another, Louisiana another, Canada another, and so on; each State has its own peculiar rules of banking. The bank-notes of each State are used in commercial transactions in all the others; but no business man pretends to know all the banks of all the States. People rely, in receiving them as money, first upon what experience they may have picked up in the course of their business; and, secondly, upon certain periodical prints called Bank-note Reporters. The former is naturally a very unreliable guide; and it is loudly asserted that many of the bank-note reporters and detectors are mere engines of corruption, established for the purpose of levying black-mail on banks, and utterly unworthy of confidence. In a word, the present system places the general dealer at the mercy of his customers, and imparts to commercial transactions an element of uncertainty and loss which is peculiar to the United States.

It is high time, we say, that the subject were reviewed by Congress and placed on a new footing. Over Canadian banks, of course, Congress could exercise no authority; but such institutions as the Colchester Bank of Connecticut, it may be safely stated, could never have flourished under Federal supervision. The late cashier of that bank testified that though it seems to have had at one time no less than $62,000 of notes afloat, it never had but $10,000 of real money in its possession; the other assets were notes made by people who had no existence whatever—notes made by hotel porters and Irish servants, and other securities of equal value. Overissues were made, he testifies, in order to deceive the Bank Commissioners, who, for that matter, seem to have been very easily deceived. Notes were discounted which were not worth the paper they were written on; bank-notes were issued which were not numbered, not entered, not recorded or registered in any way. If cashier Jones tells the truth, the bank was a mere *vache a lait* for its projectors, ready to pour out notes as a cow gives milk, and requiring an uncommonly moderate amount of pasture.

We see no reason why Congress should not resume control of the banking interests of the country by passing a law, in accordance with a late suggestion of President Buchanan, empowering certain officials to place bogus banks in bankruptcy, and to prosecute bank knaves before the criminal courts. It may be safely said that there is no commercial country in the world but this in which bogus banks could be successfully established without entailing criminal prosecutions on their authors. Nor should it be the case here. It is the clear duty of the general Congress (the State Legislatures failing to afford relief) to protect the people against these ever-recurring frauds of bank financiers. A very simple law would achieve the purpose; and the spectacle of a few financiers working in a Penitentiary in particolored dress would have a decidedly beneficial effect on the currency. We commend the theme to members of Congress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT BRUNEL.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Oct.* 31, 1859.

Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—In the notice of the late Mr. Brunel, published in your issue of the 22d inst., the following allusion is made to an event in the life of that eminent man:

> "Only a year or two ago, he escaped a singular and inglorious death. He was playing with the child of a friend, and to amuse it, was throwing sovereigns into his mouth, and pretending to make them disappear with the conjurer's cry of Presto. He threw one sovereign into his mouth with such force that it entered the gullet and stuck there edgewise, wholly closing the passage. Friends who were called were unable to remove it; and had the doctor, who was sent for, been delayed a few minutes later, the great engineer would have been a corpse when he arrived."

How any one could have been acquainted at all with this occurrence and yet know so little about the real facts is curious. Instead of occurring a year or two ago, this event happened April 3, 1843. The coin was a *half* sovereign. It did not stick in the *gullet*, but passed into the windpipe, or trachea, and thence downward into one of the bronchial tubes. It did not wholly close the passage, but, on the contrary, caused but slight inconvenience by its presence, and it was only through fear of ulterior injury to the lung that measures were taken for its extraction, which were not successful until *forty days* had passed; the coin falling out of the larynx while Mr. Brunel was suspended, head downward, in a machine contrived by himself; the windpipe having been previously opened by a surgeon to admit of the passage of air and prevent strangulation during the passage of the coin through the air tubes. This was on the 13th of May.

These facts may be interesting to your readers, and particularly the ingenious method devised by Mr. Brunel himself for the purpose of obtaining relief from the presence of the unwelcome intruder, after many attempts by the most skillful London surgeons to remove it by the aid of instruments had entirely failed.

Respectfully yours,
T. H. H.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW NIGHTINGALES.

THE poor Opera is having a terrible time of it; and when has it had any thing else in this metropolis of all the arts and amenities? So long, indeed, as La Grange staid we had a good Opera. She sang well, if not greatly. She was a pleasing actress; and the tenor Brignoli had a sweet voice—an unusually sweet voice—but nothing more. Then Amodio was a good baritone, and basses we must catch as we could. But the effort to begin every fresh season with a new star shows that it is not the music we want, but only another excitement of some kind. Moreover, as society is at present constituted, it is not likely that a really great voice of European antecedents will be first heard in this country. Bosio and Castellan are the two singers who made an American before they had a European reputation. But had they sung first in Europe they would have been famous before they came to us.

There is no doubt that while we enjoy really good singing it is impossible to put us off with poor; but managers have yet to learn it. If Mr. Strakosch or Mr. Ullman had ever heard the pretty person of a pretty name whom they have recently presented as a *prima donna*, they were, of course, perfectly aware that she could not sing. Did they, then, suppose that American ears and minds could not discover that important fact? If they did not, were they not mere foolish speculators running for luck? If they did, are they not proved utterly incompetent managers? In any case, do they expect the public ever to believe those prodigious manifestoes? Why not save the money?

The patrons of the Opera in this country are people who are familiar with the institution in other countries. They know who are famous and who are unknown. If an unknown singer appears and does well, the fact is at once recognized, and there is no impediment to success. A man or woman has as good a chance in Irving Place as in any opera-house in the world. But you can not impose a success upon such an audience. The first night Parodi sang at the old house in Astor Place her doom was sealed. All the wires had been pulled. She sang for charity in the ship coming over. She was received with a kind of impromptu enthusiasm at the wharf. She was serenaded at her hotel. She was announced as the pupil of Pasta. The memoirs, the portraits were all ready. A dove was let fly from the gallery to the stage, bearing an ode of welcome in Italian. Nothing was wanting but that she should justify all this tumult, which we all knew was manufactured. She sang, and the result was—zero. Had she come unheralded, she would have seemed a very fair singer. But when you bring out with beaming eyes and exceeding care a bottle labeled "Imperial Tokay," and then pour from it molasses and water—it may be a very tolerable drink for thirsty people, but your guests have lost all faith in Tokay labels, and hope nothing, and say nothing, in future until they taste the wine.

How would it answer to apply a little common sense to the management of the Opera? The managers may secretly believe the public to be a zany, but why should they so plainly show that they think so?

PERSONAL.

That a man has written a good book, or painted a fine picture, or developed a new motive power, or done any other brilliant or useful work, hardly seems to be a sufficient reason for depriving him of the privilege of privacy. A famous man is properly no more the property of the public than he chooses to be. The results of his thought, the creations of his imagination, the record of his experience he gives to the world in the way that seems to him best, and which the world welcomes. The world has no right, for that reason, to peep into his window and see whether he wears a white or colored shirt in the morning, and write to the newspapers an account of the food upon his breakfast table.

Of course there is a very natural personal curiosity about every famous person. But it does not at all follow that such a curiosity is to be gratified in every way while he is living. The personal details which Walton gives of George Herbert, or Boswell of Johnson, or Forster of Goldsmith, are characteristic and interesting, like those Plutarch relates of his heroes; but it is an immense impertinence to suppose that we care to know what Mr. Dickens had for dinner yesterday, or who made M. de Lamartine's boots. And there are a hundred episodes in every life which are only to be related when a man's whole history is worth telling, and then, with perfect knowledge, and after he is gone.

Gossip may very easily be confounded with information, but it is a profoundly different thing. The public is very fond of gossip; but it is as poor a taste in the street as it is in the house; and a dealer in gossip is already almost a scandal monger. An incessant use of a name in this kind of mention gives a person as false an importance as a candidate enjoys during a canvass. Somebody, for instance, writes a book, which very few people ever hear of, fewer still read, and nobody especially likes. The person is a pleasant man, or, most dangerous of all, woman. Then the theme begins. The "Personal" of the newspapers incessantly mentions her, merely to fill up and gratify the hankering for gossip. She is pretty as well as pleasant, rich, perhaps, as well as pretty. She stays for some weeks in the spring or autumn at a New York hotel. Forthwith the letters of city correspondents to out-of-town papers are full of her praises. A purely factitious reputation is created, and the victim of public gossip finds all sensible people laughing at her. The public mention both creates and gratifies a personal vanity, perhaps, but it prejudices that interior and silent public which confers fame. The number of distinguished people in this country of whom nobody ever heard is becoming overwhelming. It is sad when you think with what delight they read the lickersome paragraphs in the papers, to reflect that their glory is only an annual, and that there will be another fresh crop next year, in which they will have no share. Even the longest candle burns out at last, and only the stars shine forever. But when it isn't even a candle, but a straw—!

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of new books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent *Saturday Press*, does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book printed in comely type is a very valuable notice.

Mr. John Esten Cooke's "Henry St. John, Gentleman," is a novel of revolutionary days in Virginia. It is full of that grace and sweetness of style of which his other writings are examples; a kind of pensive, loitering, clinging tone of nameless regret and reverie, which envelops all he writes in an atmosphere of poetry. Mr. Cooke is a hearty, loyal Virginian. He has the same pride in the Old Dominion that a noble of the blue blood had in Spain. He is affectionately familiar with her history and her men, and he glories in her great days. "Henry St. John" is interesting as an illustration of that spirit and a memorial of those days; as a picture of Virginia in scenes, treatment, character, and in the loyalty of the author that lights every page. Many of Mr. Cooke's sketches and shorter stories, both in *Putnam* and *Harper*, are remarkable for their tranquillity and tenderness.

Mr. Stoddard's "Life of Humboldt" is a very fascinating book. There is really little to tell about him but the story of his travels, which he has himself told at length. From these records, with great skill, Mr. Stoddard has compiled a sketch embracing mainly what is interesting and picturesque to every body, and inwoven with it glimpses of his childhood at Tegel, his maturity in Paris, and his old age in Berlin, so vivid and sympathetic that the reader closes the book with real regret—parting as with a friend, but with his calm, strong lineaments impressed upon memory forever.

There is a novel called "Out of the Depths," which has been highly commended by several religious newspapers, and which describes the life of a woman who sinks to the depths of social shame, and rises again by means of religious influences. It is an immense and solemn theme inadequately treated. And yet it is done with a great deal of tact. There is nothing in the least degree prurient in the whole book. And it is clear that, although the author may not write from experience, the work is one of profound sympathy. But to do what such a subject demands requires much more space, a much bolder detail of description, a more unshrinking mental and moral nerve than this author displays. To do the work as it should be done would be to raise an outcry of horror, which the work would survive and change into a voice of admiration. To do it properly would be to put Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" into a great, quivering, passionate, and triumphant history. As yet nobody in our literature seems to have been equal to it, and therefore every body has wisely refrained from the attempt until now. The fault to find with "Out of the Depths" is not that it is disgusting or exciting—for it is neither—but that it botches a great theme.

"The Good News of God" is a volume of sermons by Charles Kingsley, published by Michael Doolady—a name not unknown to the old friends of *Putnam*. It is a collection of simple parish sermons, vigorous, direct, and intelligible, also short. They are not offensively doctrinal; they are addressed to plain people, and all people may read them with profit and pleasure. It is curious to compare these sermons of a noted clergyman of the Church of England, now, with those of older clergymen of the same Church—South, Tillotson, Chillingworth. Instead of glittering with splendid rhetoric, and charging the enemy with tough controversial logic, these discourses are lucid explanations and earnest exhortations to a Christian life. They are of the kind George Herbert might have preached at Bemerton, although they have more exuberant energy than he, and less pious fervor.

AIR TRAVEL.

It is pleasant to see how unwavering is the confidence of men in their inventions and efforts. It is the spell that at last secures success. Here is Mr. Lowe, who proposes to cross the ocean to Europe in an air-ship or balloon, and who writes a cheerful letter to the public, informing us that the science of air navigation has made much more progress than we are aware, and that he has "no reason to doubt" that his ship will "accomplish the desired end."

Probably he is the only man in the country who thinks so; and it by no means follows that he is therefore wrong. For if the confidence of inventors be unwavering, the skepticism of the world is not less so. There is certainly nothing wilder in the theory that there are certain permanent currents of the air which may be turned to practical account, than there was in the supposition of Columbus that by sailing westward he would reach land; or in the idea of Watt, who, as a boy, watched the steam puffing from the kettle, that the vapor might be made a motive power.

Columbus speaks for all adventurers and discoverers who have not yet succeeded, in that melancholy letter to King Ferdinand which Humboldt quotes in his American travels. "Your Highness may believe me, the globe of the earth is far from being so great as the vulgar admit. I was seven years at your royal court, and during seven years was told that my enterprise was a folly. Now that I have opened the way, tailors and shoemakers ask the privilege of going to discover new lands. Persecuted, forgotten as I am, I never think of Hispaniola and Paria without my eyes being filled with tears. I was twenty years in the service of your Highness. I have not a hair that is not white, and my body is enfeebled. Heaven and earth now mourn for me. All who have pity, truth, and justice, mourn for me."

Mr. Lowe says that during the last fifty years at least three thousand ascensions have been made in this country, and eight thousand persons have made aerial voyages; and he thinks that while not an eighth of the whole have been in any sense scientific voyages, yet certain points have been established, and the proportionate danger of aerial travel has been shown to be less than that of other methods. The El Dorado and Indies which they are all seeking are the air currents—or rather one easterly current—a perpetual gulf stream in the aerial ocean which flows constantly, and upon which, when once fully ascertained, subsequent experiments may be based.

Mr. Charles Green, the Englishman, was the original propounder of this theory, and Mr. Wise and Mr. Lamountain have been "prospecting" for it here. The journals of their excursions during the last summer were excellent reading. Lamountain's account of his great journey from Watertown has an interest and excitement like Parry's and Franklin's arctic journals. A volume of such accounts, with proper pictures, would make one of the most welcome and fascinating holiday books for boys. And the effort of the aeronauts seems no more hopeless than the arctic search.

Mr. Lowe very truly says that the only way to develop the aeronautic science is to experiment continually. He believes that he is not going to fail; but if he does, he proposes to ascertain why, and to provide greater security for the future. If he should succeed, and land upon the other side of the Atlantic in two days—why, the new cupola of the City Hall will be about finished at the same time, and our honest Dogberrys will undoubtedly order it to be consumed in his honor. They can hardly do less for a man who transports himself over the ocean in two days than for him who sends a word through it in two hours. And it is doubtless with reference to Mr. Lowe's probable triumph that the civic edifice is being repaired.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—"A Wife's Tragedy" is a poem of a good deal of power, but of uneven execution. It is too long for the Lounger's space; but he would like to see something else by the same hand.

—M. C. I. "Sintram" is a story by La Motte Fouqué, the author of "Undine." It was published some years since in this country in Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading." Miss Yonge, the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe," is an English woman.

—Providence, R. I. Idyl is pronounced with a long *i*. It is from the Greek *eidullion*.

—Tristram. No: it is not poetry. It is the kind of rhyme that we all write by the sheetful.

NEW MAN-MONKEYS.

Monsieur Paul du Chaillu, born a Frenchman, but a citizen of the United States, has, for the last ten years, been a scientific traveler in Central Africa. He has hunted and shot as perseveringly as Gordon Cummings, and with the nobler aim of enlarging our knowledge of natural history. He has brought back with him from Africa many thousand stuffed animals, birds, and skeletons; among others, by far the finest collection of *Troglodytes* in existence. Of these we engrave four on the following page.

Most of our readers will remember the engraving of a gorilla which we gave some months since. The animal had been killed in Africa, carried to England in a rum-puncheon, and there "restored" and stuffed by Professor Owen and others. It was considered so valuable a specimen that the Professor and his associates did not shrink from their task though decomposition had made such sad work of the gorilla's corpse that they were forced to open the puncheon and perform their task in a moor, two miles from any human dwelling.

M. Du Chaillu states, we think fairly, that each of his great troglodytes is a more valuable specimen than this one. His are adult specimens; the one in London was not full grown when killed. His skins, skulls, and extremities are in good preservation; in the English specimen decomposition had made such havoc that the taxidermists were driven to rebuild the creature, partly from verbal description, and partly from anatomical theory. He asserts, and we are inclined to agree with him, that no such collection of the great troglodyte race of animals exists in any museum in the world as that which he is about to exhibit in this city.

We must premise by repeating what we said when we published the English gorilla. Troglodytes are the largest description of baboons, being from five to six feet in height, and infinitely broader of shoulder and stouter of limb than the strongest men. They inhabit Central Africa. They are extremely wild and ferocious; so much so that no living specimen has ever been taken by any hunter. They are as much larger and more terrible than the great baboon of menageries as that animal is greater and more formidable than little Jocko, who picks up pennies for the organ-grinder, his master.

In our former account of the gorilla we stated, on the authority of Professor Owen, that these powerful animals tore great branches from trees, and used them as flails to beat lions, tigers, and other wild animals with which they fought. M. Du Chaillu denies this, and states positively that the gorilla uses no weapon; when he fights he uses his teeth and hands alone. His muscular strength is such that very few creatures can withstand his grasp. M. Du Chaillu states that, being on one occasion in the African forest, at a distance of about four miles from one of his attendants, he heard the peculiar roar of an enraged gorilla, and the sound, like that of a drum, which the animal, when incensed, produces by battering its immense chest with its paws. Hastening to the spot, he found his unfortunate attendant dying. The gorilla had rushed upon him, seized him in its terrible gripe, raised him in air, then dashed him upon the ground with such force that he lived but a few hours afterward. A single glance at the proportions of the male gorilla in our engraving will show how vast his muscular power is. Round the chest he measured fifty-two inches; in life, his bulk was probably much greater. His arms—the length of which is considerably greater than that of his legs—are as thick as a stout man's thighs. It is fortunate that these terrible creatures are fruit eaters, and that their intelligence does not correspond to their strength.

M. Du Chaillu has kindly furnished us the following extract from his journal, relating the chase of a male gorilla:

> "Gambo and I rose early this morning, rather discouraged, as we had spent the two preceding days looking in vain for the gorilla. We had seen their tracks, but nothing of them.
>
> "Before leaving our encampment, which was simply made with a few branches scattered on the ground, on which we slept during the night, we resolved to spend the day in the ravines of the mountains, where we intended to hunt the gorilla. Gambo made great preparations. He cut his hands in many places, in order to let the blood run freely; afterward he rubbed them with some charmed powder, which was to make his hands sure if called to shoot; he painted his body, and covered himself with his war fetiches. As for me, I was dressed in my usual hunting costume, made of dark-blue cloth. I blackened my face and hands, in order not to be easily seen; and was, as usual, very careful in loading my gun, in order that it should not miss fire.
>
> "We spent the greatest part of the day in the midst of these impenetrable forests. At last we met, near a spring, tracks of a gorilla which had just left. His footprints were very large, and we foresaw that we would have soon to encounter a most formidable animal. We were not mistaken, for after a while we were startled by the tremendous roar of the monster. At our approach he raised himself erect, beat with his powerful hands his tremendous chest, and advanced boldly toward us, looking with his fiery eyes straight into our faces, as if to bid us defiance. He showed us, at the same time, his powerful teeth. There was no time to be lost. We leveled our guns at the monster together and fired. He fell to the ground, uttering a tremendous groan, and was soon a lifeless corpse."

The other two varieties of the troglodyte family M. Du Chaillu claims to have been the first authentic specimens ever exhibited.

One he calls the *Troglodytes Nschiego*. There is a skeleton of this troglodyte at Paris; but no skin any where save in its native woods and in M. Du Chaillu's collection. The nschiego is said to be the most intelligent of the apes. When taken young it can be tamed in a few days, and taught to eat almost any thing. M. Du Chaillu caught a young one in Africa, which became so tame that it followed him every where like a dog. When first taken its face and hands were as white as those of a white baby; but as it grew older its skin assumed a yellowish tinge, and gradually grew quite black. Some of its habits were curious. When its master and his attendants prepared dinner, it would retire to a commanding eminence near the table, from whence it deliberately inspected each dish; when the dinner was ready down came the nschiego, crying, and whining, and shouting. These hints were soon understood, and it was offered food; but it had set its heart on some particular dish, and would eat nothing till it was helped to that. It was a notorious thief; and in the mornings would hide near a cottage till the inmates had gone to the spring for water; it would then enter with the cunning of a sneak operator, and would devour any thing that it could find—seeming, as our traveler states, to relish such stolen food much more than that which was freely given it.

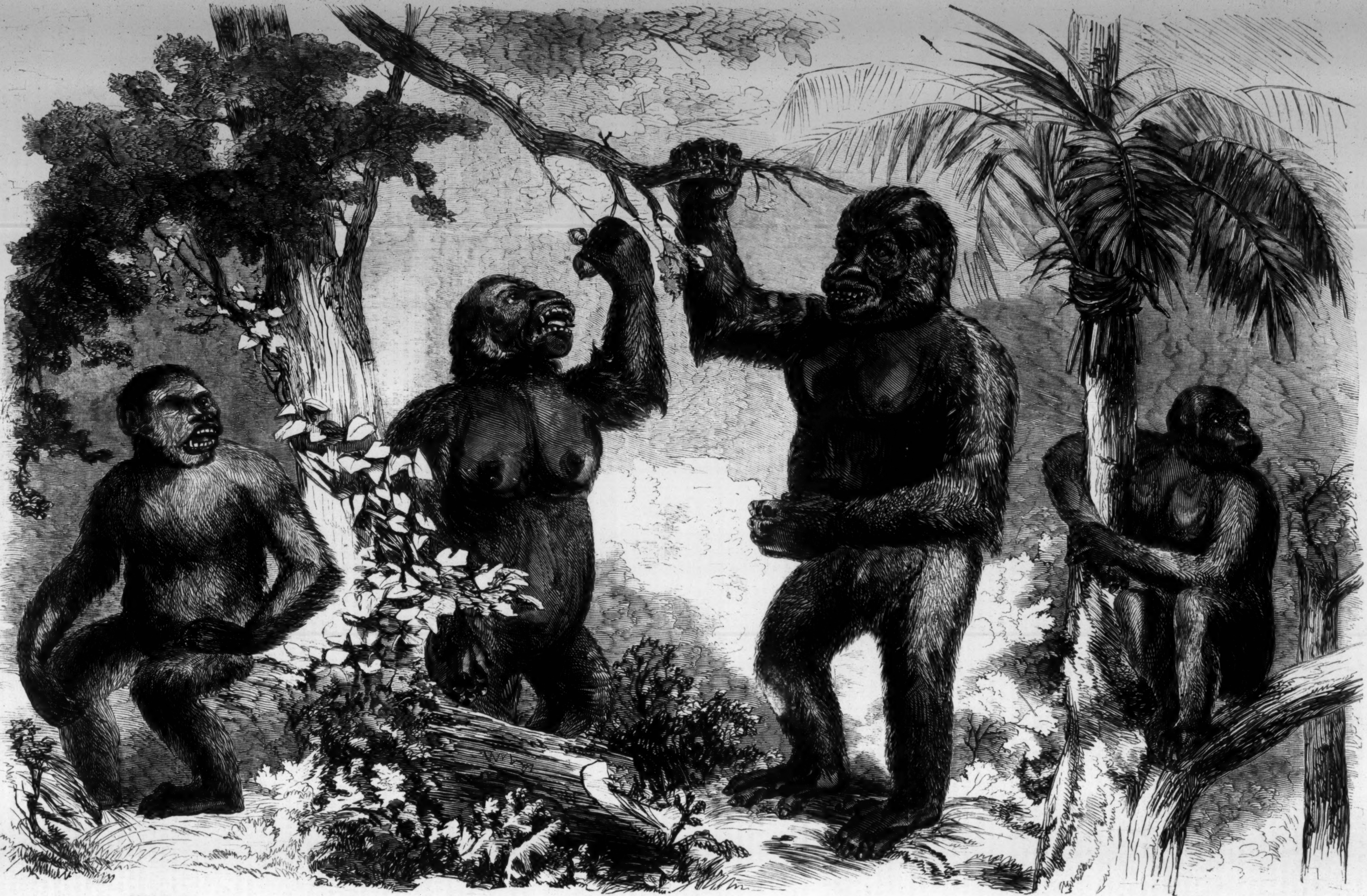
In a state of nature the nschiego vindicates his superiority of intellect over other troglodytes. He lives with his wife in a retired manner, and builds himself a house like any Christian. The gorilla sleeps on the ground, under the shelter of a tree or rock; the nschiego objects to the night air. When he wants to build he selects a stout, middle-sized tree standing alone in the forest. It must have a stout branch, projecting horizontally from the trunk at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When a tree has been selected the nschiego and his mate go in search of branches, with which they construct a canopy so thick and so tightly fastened with vines round the trunk of the tree that no rain or dew can penetrate it. While one works in building the canopy, or umbrella, the other gathers branches and carries them to the foot of the tree. Husband and wife never live in the same house. They have separate establishments close by each other. It must not be supposed, however, that this arises from incompatibility of temper. On the contrary, they are never happy when separate. The first one who reaches his domicile immediately begins to cry aloud for the other, and does not cease to make the woods resound with his groans for Amaryllis till the absent one appears. They are hard-working creatures. After living a fortnight or so in a dwelling, they leave it and build elsewhere.

The most striking peculiarity of the nschiego consists in the baldness of the head. No hair grows on the head or face, which are both black and glossy. All other apes have hair on the skull. The gorilla has, besides hair, a peculiar crest like a helmet on the top of his head—an adjunct which renders it impossible for any thing short of a trip-hammer to break his skull by a straight blow. The nschiego's head has no such defense. On the chin the nschiego has sometimes a few gray hairs, like remains of a straggling beard. Its breast, like that of the gorilla, is bare. In the female the posterior extremities are likewise destitute of hair. In the gorilla the fingers are short and very muscular; the nschiego's fingers, on the contrary, are long and very active. Its mouth is large; when it cries it extends literally from ear to ear.

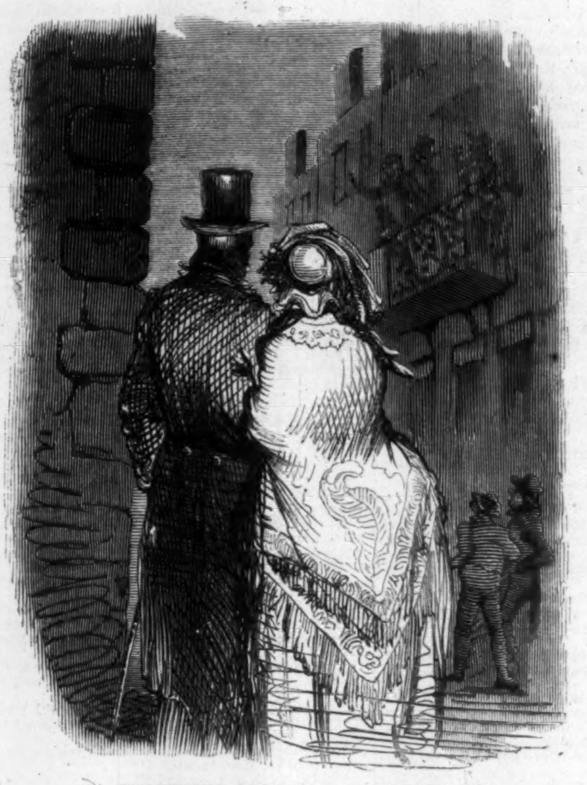
The *Troglodyte Kooloo-Kamba*, which is the fourth figure in our engraving, is without question the most fierce-looking of the quadrumana. We have never seen any thing more terrible than the expression of this brute's face. It, too, is said by M. Du Chaillu to be an entirely new species. It inhabits the Kong Mountains, in the interior of Africa, and is called Kooloo by the natives, its cry resembling the sound of that word. It is not so formidable as the male gorilla, but is stouter and stronger than the female. The hair is black and long; the ears large, resembling those of human beings; the head round, and surrounded by a growth of hair very like human whiskers and beard. So far as the head is concerned, M. Du Chaillu considers this troglodyte a nearer approach to humanity than any other member of the quadrumana family. It lives mostly in trees; and in order to catch branches it has very long and wonderfully-stout fingers—in general appearance not unlike those of a very large negro hand.

M. Du Chaillu only met with one member of the Kooloo-Kamba tribe. He heard it one evening on his return from the chase; and next morning, before daylight, proceeded to the spot with a trusty African attendant. He had blackened his face, and crept forward, partly on his hands and knees, as noiselessly as possible, in order not to give any alarm. Just as he began to fancy he had missed the animal he heard its cry in a tree above him. Raising his gun cautiously he fired, and the great brute fell with a thundering crash to the ground.

Those who take an interest in natural history should see M. Du Chaillu's collection. It is, we believe, unrivaled. The gorilla tribe is comparatively an unexplored page in natural history—the more interesting as it is the race which approximates most closely to our own species, and yet which surpasses in strength and ferocity the most terrible denizens of the forest.


KOOLOO-KAMBA.
FEMALE GORILLA.
MALE GORILLA.
THE NSCHIEGO.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MAN-MONKEYS.—[See preceding Page.]



"A BEAUTIFUL POLITICAL INSTITUTION!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

IN AND OUT.

"AND Boniface Newt has failed," said Mr. Bennet to his wife, in a low voice.

He was shading his eyes with his hand, and his wife was peacefully sewing beside him.

She made no reply, but her face became serious, then changed to an expression in which, from under his hands—for her husband's eyes were not weak, and he was only hiding them from her—her husband saw the faintest glimmering of triumph. But Mrs. Bennet did not raise her eyes from her work.

"Lucia!" He spoke so earnestly that his wife involuntarily started.

"My dear," she replied, looking at him with a tear in her eye, "it is only natural."

Her husband said nothing, but shook his slippered foot, and his neck sank a little lower in his limp, white cravat, as if he were hearing that soft music he seemed so often to hear, or tasting a luscious fruit. His dreamy eyes wandered about the room with that instinct of imparting and receiving sympathy which belongs to happiness. They were alone in the little parlor, with only the portrait on the wall for company, and only the roses in the glass upon the table, that were never wanting, and always showed a certain elegance of taste in arrangement and care which made the daughter of the house seem to be present though she might be away.

"What a beautiful night!" said Mr. Bennet at last, as his eyes lingered upon the window through which he saw the soft illumination of the full moonlight.

His wife looked for a moment with him, and answered, "Beautiful!"

"How lovely those roses are, and how sweet they smell!" he said, after another interval of silence, and as if there were a change in the pleasant dreams he was dreaming.

"Yes," she replied, and looked at him and smiled, and, smiling, sewed on.

"Where is Ellen to-night?" he asked, after a little pause.

"She is walking in this beautiful moonlight."

"All alone?" he inquired, with a smile.

"No! with Edward."

"Ah! with Edward." And there was evidently another turn in the pleasant dream.

"And Gabriel—where is Gabriel?" asked he, still shaking the slippered foot.

His wife smoothed her work, and said, with an air of tranquil happiness,

"I suppose he is walking, too."

"All alone?"

"No, with May."

Involuntarily, as she said it, she laid her work in her lap, as if her mind would follow undisturbed the happy figures of her children. She looked abstractedly at the window, as if she saw them both, the manly candor of her Gabriel folding the calm sweetness of May Newt; the loyal heart of her blue-eyed Ellen clinging to Edward Wynne. Down the windings of her reverie they went, roses in their cheeks, and faith in their hearts. Down and down, farther and farther, closer and closer, while the springing step grew staid, and the rose bloom slowly faded. Farther and farther down her dream, and gray glistened in the brown hair and the black and gold, but the roses bloomed around them in younger cheeks, and the brown hair and the black and gold were as glossy and abundant upon those younger heads; and still the arms of those couples were twined and their eyes were linked, as if their hearts had grown together, each pair into one. Farther and farther—still with clustering younger faces—still with ever softer light in the air falling upon the older forms, grown reverend, until—until—had they melted in that light, or was she only blinded by her tears?

For there were tears in her eyes—eyes that glistened with happiness—and there was a hand in hers, and as she looked at her husband she knew that their hands had clasped each other because they saw the same sweet vision.

"My dear," asked Gerald Bennet, still holding his wife's hand, "was Columbus married?"

"Gerald! what an absurd question!—What do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose he was. But in all those old accounts of navigators and explorers longing for the Indies and distant diamonds, there is something very sad—very sad."

His eyes were musing, and his voice a little abstracted.

"Were their homes so unhappy that their whole life was a plan to leave them? Could they hope to find any thing so precious as they left? Poor Columbus!"

He moved his foot dreamily, and sat silent for a little while.

"For what shall it profit a man if he discover a continent, and lose his own home?"

He looked at his wife, and said,

"Could I have been the rich man I one day hoped to be—the great merchant I longed to be, when I asked you to marry me—I could have owned nothing—no diamond—so dear to me as that very tear in your eye. I wanted to be rich—I felt as if I had cheated you, in being so poor and unsuccessful—you, who were bred so differently. For your sake I wanted to be rich." He spoke with a stronger, fuller voice. "Yes, and when Laura Magot broke my engagement with her because of my first failure, I resolved that she should see me one of the merchant princes she idolized, and that my wife should be envied by her, as being the wife of a richer man than Boniface Newt. Darling, you know how I struggled for it—but you did not know the secret spur—and how I failed. And I know who it was that made my failure my success, and who taught a man who wanted to be rich how to be happy."

While he spoke his wife's arm had stolen tenderly around him. As he finished she said, gently,

"I am not such a saint, Gerald."

"If you are not, I don't believe in saints," replied her husband.

"No, I will prove it to you."

"I defy you," said Gerald, as he kissed her forehead.

"Listen! Why did you say Lucia in such a tone, a little while ago?" asked his wife.

Gerald Bennet smiled with arch kindness.

"Shall I answer truly?"

"Under pain of displeasure."

"Well," he began, slowly, "when I heard that Laura Magot's husband had failed, as I knew that Lucia Darro's husband had once been jilted by Laura Magot because he failed, I could not help wondering—now, Lucia dear, how could I help wondering?—I wondered how Lucia Darro would feel. Because—because—"

He made a full stop and smiled.

"Because what?" asked his wife.

He lingered, and smiled.

"Because what?" persisted his wife, with mock gravity.

"Because Lucia Darro was a woman, and—come! I'll make a clean breast of it—and because, although a man and woman love each other as long and dearly as Lucia Darro and her husband have and do, there is still something in the woman that the man can not quite understand, and upon which he is forever experimenting. So I was curious to hear, or rather to see and feel, what your thoughts were; and, at the moment I spoke, I thought I saw them, and I was surprised."

"Exactly, Sir; and that surprise ought to have shown you that I was no saint. Listen again, Sir. Lucia Darro's husband was never jilted by Laura Magot, for the impetuous and ambitious young man who was engaged to that lady is an entirely different person from my husband. Do you hear, Sir?"

"Precisely; and who made him so entirely different?"

"Hush, Sir! I've no time to hear such folly. I, too, am going to make a clean breast of it, and confess that there was the least little sense of—of—of—well, justice, in my mind, when I thought that Laura Magot who jilted you, who were so unfortunate, and with whom she might have been so happy—"

Gerald Bennet dissented, with smiles and shaking head.

"Hush, Sir! Any woman might have been. That she should have led such a life with Boniface Newt, and have seen him ruined after all. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"Which?" asked her husband.

"Both—both, Sir. I pity them both from my heart."

"Thou womanest of women!" retorted her husband. "Art thou no saint because thou pitiest them?"

"No, no; but because it was not an unmixed pity."

"At any rate it is an unmixed goodness," said her husband.

The restless glance, the glimmering uncertainty, had faded from his eyes. He sat quietly on the sofa, swinging his foot, and with his head bent a little to one side over the limp cravat.

"Gerald," said his wife, "let us go out, and walk in the moonlight, too."

In a few moments they were sauntering along the street. It was full and murmurous. The lights were bright in the shop-windows, and the scuffling of footsteps, more audible than during the day, when it is drowned by the roar of carriage-wheels upon the pavement, had a friendly, social sound.

"Broadway is never so pleasant as in the early evening," said Mr. Bennet; "for then the rush of the day is over, and people move with a leisurely air, as if they were enjoying themselves. What is that?"

They were going down the street, and saw lights and heard music and a crowd approaching. They came nearer; and Mr. Bennet and his wife turned aside, and stood upon the steps of a dwelling-house. A band of music came first, playing "Hail Columbia!" It was surrounded by a swarm of men and boys, in the street and on the sidewalk, who shouted and sang and ran; and it was followed by a file of gentlemen, marching in couples. Several of them carried torches, and occasionally, as they passed under a house, they all looked up at the windows and gave three cheers. Sometimes, also, an individual in the throng shouted something which was received with loud hi-hi's and laughter.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

"This is a political procession, my dear. Look! they will not come by us at all; they are turning into Grand Street close by. I suppose they are going to call upon some candidate. I never see any procession of this kind without thinking how simple and beautiful our institutions are. Do you ever think of it, Lucia? What a majestic thing the popular will is!"

"Let's hurry, and we may see something," said his wife.

The throng had left Broadway and had stopped in Grand Street under a balcony in a handsome house. The music had stopped also, and all faces were turned toward the balcony. Mr. Bennet and his wife stood at the corner of Broadway. Suddenly a gentleman took off his hat and waved it violently in the air, and a superb diamond-ring flashed in the torchlight as he did so, while he shouted,

"Three cheers for Newt!"

There was a burst of huzzas from the crowd—the drums rolled—the boys shrieked and snarled in the tone of various animals—the torches waved—one excited man cried, "One more!"—there was another stentorian yell and roll and wave—after which the band played a short air. The windows did not open.

"Newt! Newt! Newt!" shouted the crowd. The young gentleman with the diamond-ring disappeared into the house with several others.

"Why, Slugby, where the devil is he?" said one of them to another, in a whisper, as they ran up the stairs.

"I'm sure I don't know. Musher promised to have him ready."

"And I sent Ele up to get here before we did," replied his friend, in the same hurried whisper, his fat nose glistening in the hall-light.

When they reached Mr. Newt's room they found him lying upon a sofa, while Musher and the Hon. B. J. Ele were trying to get him up.

"D—n it! stand up, can't you?" cried Mr. Ele.

"No, I can't," replied Abel, with a half-humorous smile.

At the same moment the impetuous roar of the crowd in the street stole in through the closed windows.

"Newt! Newt! Newt!"

"What in —— shall we do?" gasped Mr. Enos Slugby, walking rapidly up and down the room.

"Who let him get drunk?" demanded General Belch, angrily.

Nobody answered.

"Newt! Newt! Newt!" surged in from the street.

"Thunder and devils, there's nothing for it but to prop him up on the balcony!" said General Belch. "Come now, heave to, every body, and stick him on his pins."

Abel looked sleepily round, with his eyes half closed and his under lip hanging.

"'Tain't no use," said he, thickly. "D'ye know Hosy Wum—Wum—ley? Darned sm—sm—smart feller. Said, ''Tain't no use.'"

And he leered and laughed.

The perspiring and indignant politicians grasped him—Slugby and William Condor under the arms, Belch on one side, and Ele ready to help any where. They raised their friend to his feet, while his head rolled slowly round from one side to the other, with a maudlin grin.

"'Tain't no use," he said.

Indeed, when they had him fairly on his feet nothing farther seemed to be possible. They were all holding him and looking very angry, while they heard the loud and imperative—"Newt! Newt! Newt!" accompanied with unequivocal signs of impatience in an occasional stone or chip that rattled against the blinds.

In the midst of it all the form of the drunken man slipped down upon the sofa, and sitting there leaning on his hands, which rested on his knees, and with his head heavily hanging forward, he lifted his forehead, and seeing the utterly discomfited group standing perplexed before him, he said, with a foolish smile,

"Let's all sit down."

There was a moment of hopeless and helpless inaction. Then suddenly General Belch laid his hands upon the sofa on which Abel was lying, and moved it toward the window.

"Now," cried he to the others, "open the blinds and we'll make an end of it."

Enos Slugby raised the window and obeyed. The crowd below, seeing the opening blinds and the lights, shouted lustily.

"Now then," cried the General, "boost him up a moment and hold him forward. Heave ho! all together."

They raised the inert body, and half-lifted, half-slid it forward upon the narrow balcony.

"Here, Slugby, you prop him behind—and you, Ele and Condor, one on each side. There! that's it! Now we have him. I'll speak to the people."

So saying, the General removed his hat and bowed very low to the crowd in the street. There was a great shout, "Three cheers for Newt!" and the three cheers rang loudly out.

"'Tain't Newt," cried a sharp voice; "it's Belch."

"Three cheers for Belch!" roared an enthusiastic somebody.

"D— Belch," cried the sharp voice.

"Hi! hi!" cried the chorus; while the torches were waved and the drums rolled once more.

During all this time General Arcularius Belch had been bowing profoundly and grimacing in dumb show to the crowd, pointing at Abel Newt, who stood, ingeniously supported, his real state concealed by the friendly night.

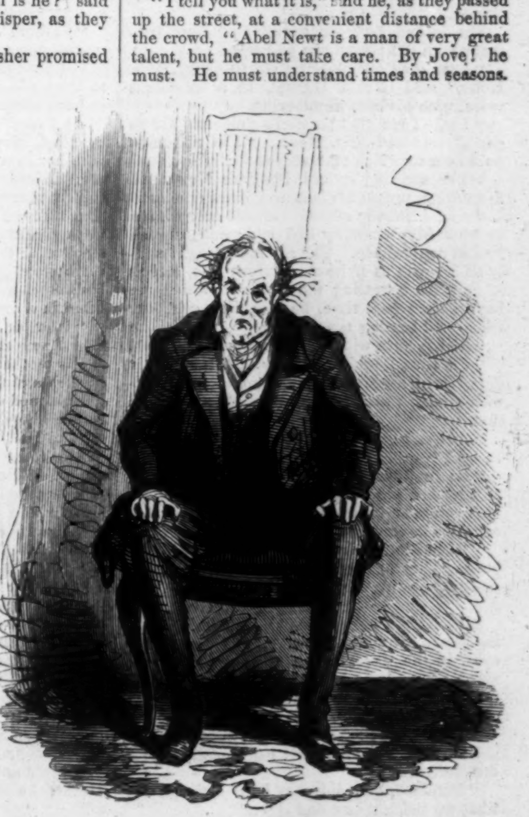
"Gentlemen!" cried Belch, in a piercing voice.

"H'st! h'st! Down, down! Silence," in the crowd.

"Gentlemen, I am very sorry to have to inform you that our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Newt, to compliment whom you have assembled this evening, is so severely unwell ("Oh! gum!" from the sharp-voiced skeptic below) that he is entirely unable to address you. But so profoundly touched is he by your kindness in coming that he could not refuse to appear, though but for a moment, to look the thanks he can not speak. At the earliest possible moment he promises himself the pleasure of addressing you. Let me, in conclusion, propose three cheers for our representative in the next Congress, the Honorable Abel Newt. And now—" he whispered to his friends as the shouts began, "now lug him in again."

The crowd cheered, the Honorable Mr. Newt was lugged in, the windows were closed, and General Belch and his friends withdrew.

"I tell you what it is," said he, as they passed up the street, at a convenient distance behind the crowd, "Abel Newt is a man of very great talent, but he must take care. By Jove! he must. He must understand times and seasons.



"RICHES HAVE WINGS."

One thing can not be too often repeated," said he, earnestly; "if a man expects to succeed in political life he must understand when not to be drunk."

The merry company laughed, and went home with Mr. William Condor to crack a bottle of Champagne.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet had stood at the street corner during the few minutes occupied by these events. When they heard the shouts for Newt they had looked inquiringly at each other. But when the scene was closed, and the cheers for the Honorable Abel Newt, our representative in Congress, had died away, they stood for a few moments quite stupefied.

"What does it mean, Gerald?" asked his wife. "Is Abel Newt in Congress?"

"I didn't know it. I suppose he is only a candidate."

He moved on rapidly, as if he wished to walk away from any questions, and his wife, who was not used to speed in his walking, smiled quietly, and, could he have seen her eye, a little mischievously. She said, presently,

"Yes, our institutions are very simple and beautiful."

Mr. Bennet said nothing, and thinking the worst over, he walked more slowly. But his wife relentlessly continued,

"What a majestic thing the election of Abel Newt by the popular will will be!"

"My dear," he answered, "don't laugh until you know that it *is* the popular will; and when you do know it, cry."

They walked on silently for some little distance further, and then Gerald Bennet turned toward St. John's Square. His wife asked:

"Where are you going?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Yes, but we have never been there before."

"Has he ever failed before?"

"No, you dear soul! and I am very glad we are going."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

THEY rang at the door of Boniface Newt. It was quite late in the evening, and when they entered the parlor there were several persons gathered there.

"Why! father and mother!" exclaimed Gabriel, who was sitting in a remote dim corner, and who instantly came forward, with May Newt following him.

Mrs. Newt rose and bowed a little stiffly, and said, in an excited voice, that really she had no idea, but she was very happy indeed, and she was sure, and so was Mr. Newt. When she had tied her sentence in an inextricable knot, she stopped and seated herself.

Boniface Newt rose slowly and gravely. He was bent like a very old man. His eye was hard and dull, and his dry voice said:

"How do you do? I am happy to see you."

Then he sat down again, while Lawrence went up and shook hands with the new-comers. Boniface drummed slowly upon his knees with the long bony white fingers, and rocked to and fro, mechanically, as he sat.

When Lawrence had ended his greetings there was a pause. Mrs. Newt seemed to be painfully conscious of it. So did Mr. Bennet, whose eyes wandered about the room, resting for a few instants upon Boniface, then sliding toward his wife. Boniface himself seemed to be entirely unconscious of any pause, or of any person, or of any thing, except some mysterious erratic measure that he was beating with the bony fingers.

"It is a great while since we have met, Mrs. Newt," said Mrs. Bennet.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nancy Newt, rapidly; "and now that we are to be so very nearly related, it is really high time that we became intimate."

She looked, however, very far off from intimacy with the person she addressed.

"I am glad our children are so happy, Mrs. Newt," said Gerald Bennet, in a tremulous voice, with his eyes glimmering.

"Yes. I am glad Gabriel's prospects are so good," returned Mrs. Newt. "I've no doubt he'll be a very rich man very soon."

When she had spoken, Boniface Newt, still drumming, turned his face and gazed quietly at his wife. Nobody spoke. Gabriel only winced at what May's mother had said; and they all looked at Boniface. The old man gazed fixedly at his wife as if he saw nobody else, and as if he were repeating the words to which the bony fingers beat time, he said, in a cold, dry voice, still beating time,

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!"

"I'm sure, Boniface, I know that, if any body does," said his wife, pettishly, and in a half-whimpering voice. "I think we've all learned that."

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" he said, beating with the bony fingers.

"Really, Boniface," said his wife, with an air of offended propriety, "I see no occasion for such pointed allusions to our misfortunes. It is certainly in very bad taste."

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" persisted her husband, still calmly gazing at her, and still beating time with the white bony fingers.

Mrs. Newt's whimpering broadened into crying. She sat weeping weakly, and wiping her eyes, in the way which used to draw down a storm from her husband. There was no storm now. Only the same placid stare. Only the same measured refrain.

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!"

Lawrence Newt laid his hand gently on his brother's arm.

"Boniface, you did your best. We all did what we thought best and right."

The old man turned his eyes from his wife and went on silently drumming, looking at the wall.

"Nancy," said Lawrence, "as Mr. and Mrs. Bennet are about to be a part of the family, I see no reason for not saying to them that provision is made for your husband's support. His affairs are as bad as they can be; but you and he shall not suffer. Of course you will leave this house, and—"

"Oh dear! What will people say? Nobody'll come to see us in a small house. What will Mrs. Orry say?" interrupted Mrs. Newt.

"Let her say what she chooses, Nancy. What will honest people say to whom your husband owes honest debts, if you don't try to pay them?"

"They are not my debts, and I don't see why I should suffer for them," said Mrs. Newt, vehemently, and crying. "When I married him he said I should ride in my carriage; and if he's been a fool, why should I be a beggar?"

There was profound silence in the room.

"I think it's very hard," said she, querulously.

It was useless for Lawrence to argue. He saw it, and merely remarked,

"The house will be sold, and you'll give up the carriage and live as plainly as you can."

"To think of coming to this!" burst out Mrs. Newt afresh.

But a noise was heard in the hall, and the door opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dinks.

It was the first time they had entered her father's house since her marriage. May, who had been the last person Fanny had seen in her old home, ran forward to greet her, and said, cheerfully,

"Welcome home, Fanny."

Mrs. Dinks looked defiantly about the room. Her keen black eyes saw every body, and involuntarily every body looked at her—except her father. He seemed quite unconscious of any new-comers. Alfred's heavy figure dropped into a chair, whence his small eyes, grown sullen, stared stupidly about. Mrs. Newt merely said, hurriedly, "Why Fanny!" and looked, from the old habit of alarm and apprehension, at her husband, then back again to her daughter. The silence gradually became oppressive, until Fanny broke it by saying, in a sneering tone,

"Oh! Uncle Lawrence."

He simply bowed his head, as if it had been a greeting. Mr. Bennet's foot twitched rather than wagged, and his wife turned toward him, from time to time, with a tender smile. Mrs. Newt, like one at a funeral, presently began to weep afresh.

"Pleasant family party!" broke in the voice of Fanny, clear and hard as her eyes.

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" repeated the gray old man, drumming with lean white fingers upon his knees.

"Will nobody tell me any thing?" said Fanny, looking sharply round. "What's going to be done? Are we all beggars?"

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" answered the stern voice of the old man, whose eyes were still fixed upon the wall.

Fanny turned toward him half angrily, but her black eyes quailed before the changed figure of her father. She recalled the loud, domineering, dogmatic man, insisting, morning and night, that as soon as he was rich enough he would be all that he wanted to be—the self-important, patronizing, cold, and unsympathetic head of the family. Where was he? Who was this that sat in the parlor, in his chair, no longer pompous and fierce, but bowed, gray, drumming on his thin knees with lean white fingers?

"Father!" exclaimed Fanny, involuntarily, and terrified.

The old man turned his head toward her. The calm, hard eyes looked into hers. There was no expression of surprise, or indignation, or forgiveness—nothing but a placid abstraction and vagueness were visible in his aspect.

"Father!" Fanny repeated, rising, and half moving toward him.

His head turned back again—his eyes looked at the wall—and they heard the words, "Riches have wings! Riches have wings!"

As Fanny sank back into her chair, pale and appalled, May took her hand and began to talk with her in a low, murmuring tone. The others fell into a fragmentary conversation, constantly recurring with their eyes to Mr. Newt. The talk went on in broken whispers, and it was quite late in the evening when a stumbling step struck the door, which was burst open, and there stood Abel Newt, with his hat crushed, his clothes soiled, his jaw hanging, and his eyes lifted in a drunken leer.

"How do?" he said, leaning against the door-frame and nodding his head.

His mother, who had never before seen him in such a condition, glanced at him, and uttered a frightened cry. Lawrence Newt and Gabriel rose, and, going toward him, took his arms and tried to lead him out. Abel had no kindly feeling for either of them. His brow lowered and the sullen blackness shot into his eyes.

"Hands off!" he cried, in a threatening tone.

They still urged him out of the room.

"Hands off!" he said again, looking at Lawrence Newt, and then in a sneering tone:

"Oh! the reverend Gabriel Bennet! Come, I licked you like—like—like hell once, and I'll—I'll—I'll—do it again. Stand back!" he shouted, with drunken energy, and struggling to free his arms.

But Gabriel and Lawrence Newt held fast. The others rose and stood looking on, Mrs. Newt hysterically weeping, and May pale with terror. Alfred Dinks laughed, foolishly, and gazed about for sympathy. Gerald Bennet drew his wife's arm within his own.

The old man sat quietly, only turning his head toward the noise, and looking at the struggle without appearing to see it.

Finding himself mastered, Abel swore fearfully, and struggled with drunken frenzy. After a little while he was entirely exhausted and sank upon the floor. Lawrence Newt and Gabriel stood panting over him; the rest crowded into the hall. Abel looked about, stupidly, then crawled toward the staircase, laid his head upon the lower step, and almost immediately fell into a deep, drunken slumber.

"Come, come," whispered Gerald Bennet to his wife.

They took Mrs. Newt's hand and said Good-by.

"Oh, dear me! isn't dreadful?" she sobbed. "Please don't say any thing about it. Good-night."

They shook her hand, but as they opened the door into the still moonlight midnight they heard the clear, hard voice in the parlor, and in their minds they saw the beating of the bony fingers.

"Riches have wings! riches have wings!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

ON Monday, 31st ult., Mr. Griswold summed up for the defense, and Mr. Harding for the Commonwealth of Virginia.

During most of the arguments Brown lay on his back, with his eyes closed.

Mr. Chilton asked the Court to instruct the jury, if they believe the prisoner was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, they can not convict on a count of treason.

The Court declined, saying the Constitution did not give rights and immunities alone, but also imposed responsibilities.

Mr. Chilton asked another instruction, to the effect that the jury must be satisfied that the place where the offense was committed was within the boundaries of Jefferson County, which the Court granted.

A recess was taken up for half an hour, when the jury came in with a verdict.

There was intense excitement.

Brown sat up in bed while the verdict was rendered.

The jury found him guilty of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and for murder in the first degree.

Brown lay down quickly, and said nothing.

There was no demonstration of any kind.

MOTION IN ARREST OF JUDGMENT.

Mr. Chilton moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment and errors in the verdict. The prisoner had been tried for an offense not appearing on the record of the Grand Jury; the verdict was not on each count separately, but was a general verdict on the whole indictment.

On the following day Mr. Griswold stated the points on which an arrest of judgment was asked for in Brown's case. He said it had not been proved beyond a doubt that he (Brown) was even a citizen of the United States, and argued that treason could not be committed against a State, but only against the General Government, citing the authority of Judge Story; also stating the jury had not found the prisoner guilty of the crimes as charged in the indictment—they had not responded to the offenses, but found him guilty of offenses not charged. They find him guilty of murder in the first degree, when the indictment don't charge him with offenses constituting that crime.

Mr. Hunter replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect that technicalities should not arrest the administration of justice. As to the jurisdiction over treason, it was sufficient to say that Virginia had passed a law assuming that jurisdiction, and defining what constitutes that crime.

On the day following the Court gave its decision, overruling the objections made. In the objection that treason can not be committed against a State, he ruled that wherever allegiance is due treason may be committed. Most of the States have passed laws against treason. The objections as to the form of the verdict rendered the Court also regarded as insufficient.

The Clerk then asked Mr. Brown whether he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him.

BROWN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Brown immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said: "I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny every thing but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner in which I admit, and which I admit had been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

AN APPEAL TO THE BIBLE.

"This Court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected; but I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or incite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say, also, in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me: I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one joined me but of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done."

HIS TONE AND MANNER.

Brown's speech was delivered in a calm, slow, unfaltering voice, with no attempt at effect. A correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"His composure, and his quiet and truthful manner while bearing testimony to the great indulgence that had been extended to him by the Court, throughout the whole of the proceedings, won the sympathy of every generous mind present. When he concluded he quietly sat down.

"In a moment after he was escorted back to the prison, for the first time followed by the sympathy of the people, who gazed upon him with pitying eyes.

"His counsel have put in a bill of exceptions, which will be referred to the Court of Appeals at Richmond."

HIS SENTENCE.

While Mr. Brown was speaking perfect quiet prevailed, and when he had finished the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. After a few preliminary remarks, he said that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hung in public on Friday the 2d of December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made was the clapping of the hands of one man in the crowd, who is not a resident of Jefferson County. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret was expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

THE TRIAL OF COPPIC.

After Brown's trial was ended Mr. Harding announced that he was ready to proceed with the trial of Coppic, who was brought in. The ceremony of passing him between files of armed men was dispensed with.

Coppic took his seat between Messrs. Griswold and Hoyt, who appear as his counsel. He appeared calm and composed.

On the following day the jury was sworn in Coppic's case. The testimony was the same as already published, but is more brief. The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was not concluded at the adjournment.

On the following day this trial was resumed. No witnesses were called for the defense.

Mr. Harding opened for the Commonwealth; Messrs. Hoyt and Griswold for the defendant, and Mr. Hunter closed for the prosecution. The speeches were of marked ability.

Mr. Griswold asked for several instructions to the jury, which were all granted by the Court, and the jury retired.

After being out an hour the jury came in with a verdict that Coppic was guilty on all the counts in the indictment.

His counsel gave notice of a motion for arrest of judgment, as in Mr. Brown's case.

The Court then adjourned.

MORE CONVICTIONS.

A dispatch, dated Charlestown, Virginia, November 4, says: "Shields Green, one of the negro prisoners, was found guilty this morning. The first count (for treason) was abandoned, upon objection taken by Mr. Sennott that it was not proven that the prisoner was a free person, and therefore did not come under the statute, which reads 'any free person,' etc. Sentence was deferred.

"Copeland, the mulatto, is now upon trial, Mr. Sennott defending.

"Mr. Griswold, who came especially in Brown's case, left here this evening.

"Tranquillity is being restored."

A LADY OFFERS TO NURSE OLD BROWN.

The *Evening Post* says that Mrs. L. Maria Child is the woman alluded to by the *Herald's* Richmond correspondent in the following passage, dated October 28:

"A letter was received from a Boston lady, asking the Governor's permission to go to Charlestown to nurse Old Brown, and pledging her honor, while she was a strong Abolitionist, that she would take no improper advantage of the privilege. The letter contained a note addressed to Brown himself, which she requested the Governor to forward to him after he had read it. Both were, unquestionably, the best productions I have ever seen from the pen of a woman; and, womanlike, they breathed all the sentiments of sympathy, kindness, and affection that martyrdom in a holier cause might be supposed to elicit. She avowed herself frankly a thorough Abolitionist, while disapproving the means resorted to by Brown to accomplish the ends sought for. One thing was apparent from these productions, and that was, that she was truly sincere in her opinions; and the Governor could not help expressing regret that so accomplished a person should suffer under such an illusion as seemed to have possession of her. He will grant her permission, and guarantee her perfect immunity from any violence or indignity in the State. But as to the privilege of acting nurse to Brown, that is a matter in the discretion of his physician at Charlestown, and he may admit or exclude her at will. The presumption is, however, that she will have entire liberty to exercise her humane offices in behalf of that 'brave veteran,' as she designated Old Brown."

FRED DOUGLASS ON THE AFFAIR.

Fred Douglass has published a manifesto in which he says:

"Wholly, grievously, and most unaccountably wrong is Mr. Cooke, when he asserts that I promised to be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Of whatever other imprudence and indiscretion I may have been guilty, I have never made a promise so rash and wild as this. The taking of Harper's Ferry was a measure never encouraged by my word or by my vote, at any time or place; my wisdom or my cowardice has not only kept me from Harper's Ferry, but has equally kept me from making any promise to go there.

* * * * * *

"I am ever ready to write, speak, publish, organize, combine, and even to conspire against slavery, when there is a reasonable hope for success. Men who live by robbing their fellow-men of their labor and liberty have forfeited their right to know any thing of the thoughts, feelings, or purposes of those whom they rob and plunder.

* * * * * *

"Entertaining this sentiment, I may be asked, why I did not join John Brown—the noble old hero whose one right hand has shaken the foundation of the American Union, and whose ghost will haunt the bedchambers of all the born and unborn slaveholders of Virginia through all their generations, filling them with alarm and consternation! My answer to this has already been given, at least impliedly given. 'The tools to those that can use them.' Let every man work for the abolition of slavery in his own way.

* * * * * *

"I have no apology for keeping out of the way of those gentlemanly United States marshals who are said to have paid Rochester a somewhat protracted visit lately, with a view to an interview with me. A government recognizing the validity of the *Dred Scott* decision, at such a time as this, is not likely to have any very charitable feelings toward me, and if I am to meet its representatives, I prefer to do so at least upon equal terms.

* * * * * *

"Some reflections may be made upon my leaving on a tour to England, just at this time. I have only to say, that my going to that country has been rather delayed than hastened by the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. All knew that I had intended to leave here in the first week of November. FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

SENATOR HALE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

Senator Hale has published a card, in which he says:

"It is charged, in no equivocal language, that Seward, Sumner, myself, and others knew all about Brown's projected outbreak at Harper's Ferry, encouraged it, are implicated in it; that this is proved by documentary testimony, and that we deserve a felon's fate on the gallows.

"I shall not undertake the task of vindicating either of the gentlemen named in connection with myself from any charges which may be brought against them, collectively or individually, by a newspaper, or in any other mode, but leave that to their own hands, not doubting their entire ability to do it far more ably and satisfactorily than I could. So far as relates to myself, I can only reply by denying every word and syllable, and pronouncing the whole, from beginning to end, in general and in detail, false, and challenging the world for a particle of testimony, written or verbal, sustaining one of the charges thus recklessly brought against me, or for a single circumstance calculated to cast a suspicion upon me in an unprejudiced mind.

"I never had any knowledge or intimation from any one that an insurrection or outbreak, or any thing of the sort, was contemplated by John Brown or any one else, in Virginia or elsewhere, nor had I the remotest suspicion of the fact; and when the knowledge of the occurrences in Virginia were first made public through the newspapers of the land, I am sure that to no human being were they more unexpected and surprising than they were to myself, or heard by any one with more regret. I do not know how to make this denial more broadly than I have."

COPELAND'S CONFESSION.

The following is the confession made by Copeland, noticed by telegraph from Cleveland on Tuesday:

Q. Are you John Copeland, of Oberlin, and the same person that was indicted last year at Cleveland for rescuing the slave John? *A.* I am.

Q. Do your parents reside in Oberlin? *A.* They do.

Q. Who induced you to enter into the Harper's Ferry movement? *A.* J. H. Kagi and John Brown, Jun., wrote letters to Leary, at Oberlin, which I saw, and was thus induced to go into it.

Q. Who furnished you the means to come to Virginia? *A.* Ralph and Samuel Plumb gave me the money ($15) to bear my expenses.

Q. What other Oberlin persons were at Harper's Ferry? *A.* None but Leary and myself.

Q. Where is Leary? *A.* He was killed in the river, near the Rifle-works.

Q. Did you come through Cleveland? *A.* Yes.

Q. On what day did you leave there? *A.* The day of the October election.

Q. Where did you stop at in Cleveland? *A.* I stopped at Isaac Sturtevant's, on Walnut Street: was there from Monday noon until Tuesday evening at nine o'clock.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant know what you were going to Virginia for? *A.* Mrs. Sturtevant did; she was the person who talked to me about it; I suppose Mr. S. knew it.

Q. Where did Plumb give you the money, and who was present? *A.* Ralph Plumb gave it to me; Samuel Plumb and Leary were present; it was in Plumb's office, at Oberlin.

Q. Did the Plumbs know where you were going? *A.* Yes, and wished us good luck, and gave me the money just before leaving, Monday morning.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT BROWN.

Q. Did Charles H. Langston see you in Cleveland? *A.* He did, and knew I was coming on to join Brown's company.

Q. Who directed you to go to Sturtevant's at Cleveland? *A.* Leary; he was directed by John Brown, Jun., to go there.

Q. Did you hear Ralph Plumb, on the day the slave "John" was rescued, urge persons to go to Wellington, and if so, where? *A.* I did; he was on the pavement in front of Watson's grocery.

Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to raise an insurrection in any other State or region of our country? *A.* I understood that there was an intention to attempt a movement of that kind in Kentucky about the same time.

Q. Did you know from Brown or any other person that help was expected from the slaves in the neighborhood? *A.* I did from Brown, that help would come from the slaves; but I did not understand at any time before Monday morning, after the fight had commenced, that any thing else than running off slaves was intended, I being at the Rifle-works, half a mile from the engine house.

Q. Did you learn from Brown or any of the company that persons at Harper's Ferry sympathized with them, or were in any way connected with the movement? *A.* From Brown I understood that there were laboring men at Harper's Ferry who wished to get rid of the slaves, and would aid in running them off.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST MORE JOHN BROWNS.

Major-General Wool has written a letter to a gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, in which he comments upon the Harper's Ferry affair as showing the folly of leaving armories without military protection. General Wool adds:

"Under Mr. Calhoun's administration of the War Department, armories, as well as arsenals, were placed under the superintendence of military officers. They are military establishments, and should be under the control of military men, with a guard to protect and defend them. This ought to be more especially the case with all such establishments in the Southern States; and if for no other purpose, to guard against attempts like Brown's, lest they should happen in localities where the result might be much more disastrous than at Harper's Ferry. The cost of the armories and arsenals, including arms and other munitions of war stored in them, amounts to many millions."

RIOTING IN BALTIMORE.

In Baltimore election day was universally devoted to riot and bloodshed. The so-called American Party, otherwise the ruffians who rule the city, surrounded the several ballot-boxes, and by threats or actual violence prevented the friends of order and reform from depositing their votes. By noon the impossibility of participating in the election became apparent to the Reformers, and they shortly after abandoned the field to their enemies. The fighting was not restricted to any Ward of the city. In all but one the most flagrant acts of violence and brutality were enacted; men were wantonly shot, others stabbed, and others so seriously beaten that their lives are despaired of. Mr. Adam B. Kyle, a respectable merchant, was killed, receiving a pistol-shot in the brain; and Mr. William P. Preston was so beaten with a bludgeon that he lies in a critical condition.

MORE INDIAN MASSACRES.

We have received dates from Utah to October 5, with full particulars of the horrible massacre of emigrants by the Indians, previously reported. The savages attacked an emigrant train on the night of the 2d September, at a point twenty-five miles distant from Fort Hall, and killed five persons, four of whom were members of a family named Miltimore, from Buchanan County, Iowa. Three others are missing. The survivors of the party reached Camp Floyd in safety. Developments had been made before the Federal Court in Utah of Mormon complicity in the Parrish murder. Robberies and outrages continued to be frequent occurrences in the Territory.

SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

An excursion train of thirteen cars, bound from Fond du Lac for Chicago, ran off the track of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad on Wednesday forenoon, at Johnson Creek, eight miles south of Whitestown, Wisconsin. Eight persons are reported killed, and a number badly wounded. So far as ascertained, all of the wounded were residents of Fond du Lac.

THE RIGHTS OF JEWS.

A case exciting great interest has engaged the attention of the courts in San Francisco. Mr. Levy, a Jew, had been summoned as a juror in the Supreme Court, but failing to appear, was sent for, and found to be at his devotions in the Synagogue. He informed the officer that the day was observed by those of his faith as the Festival of Atonement, and that it would be impossible for him to serve. The Judge instantly imposed a fine of $500, subsequently reduced to $250, upon the delinquent, who, with the pecuniary aid of his co-religionists, proposes to contest the case, and settle a vexatious religious difficulty.

CONGRESSMEN SHOOTING BUFFALO.

Mr. Burlingame, the Boston Congressman, is stumping it in Kansas, and regaling himself, in the interval of political labors, by chasing buffaloes. The Kansas correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

"At three o'clock we espied buffalo, six of them splendid fellows. They looked as large as elephants. They were standing on the brow of a hill, with a ravine at the base. Burlingame, young Barry, and myself started up the ravine, under cover of the hill. We had been cautioned about shooting them—not to let ourselves be seen, and if one was wounded, to hide in the grass and lie still. We crept within one hundred and fifty yards of the animals, and took a good look at them. They looked any thing but mild and peaceable, with their glaring black eyes, shaggy heads, and humps. They were moving slowly toward us, and we were ready to fire, when our wagon drove on the other side, the driver being curious to witness the attack. This frightened them, and up went their heads, and they were off in a moment, making the hill tremble with their hoofs.

"We drove on, seeing buffalo continually—hundreds and thousands of them in all directions. We selected three fine ones. Burlingame and young Barry started for them. About one mile distant, they crept up within fifty yards, in the long grass, and bang went the rifles. We knew their shots had struck. The buffalo did not move for two minutes; then they began to separate slowly, leaving the wounded one. Burlingame and Barry reloaded, stood up, and fired at him; he fell in his tracks. We started, and were soon alongside of the monster; he was not quite dead, but we soon dispatched him with a knife.

"It took the whole party to turn him over. Our men cut him up, and cut out the choice bits—about four hundred weight (they said he weighed eighteen hundred)—and went into camp for the night. We had fine steaks for supper. After that we killed nine buffalo in all, and might have killed one hundred if we had wished."

PERSONAL.

The Montreal *Pilot* has it on good authority that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Colonial Secretary, and other distinguished personages, will visit Canada in the end of May or the beginning of June next. The formal opening of the Victoria Bridge will then take place.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has been in England for some time past, will spend the winter in Switzerland. Her husband, Professor Stowe, will return home immediately.

Among the passengers who arrived on the *Arago* were Mrs. J. Y. Mason and family, from Paris; the Hon. L. M. Keitt and lady; Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte; and Professor Childs, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Saloma Schneider, the wife of an engineer in St. Louis, awoke in her usual good health and cheerfulness. Suddenly she was seen faltering in her gait, and presently to fall on the floor in a half-reclining position. She gasped for breath once or twice, and was a corpse. A post-mortem examination, by Dr. Charles Spinzig revealed a most rare lesson: it was a rent in the heart, which allowed the blood contained in that organ to accumulate in the sac which invests the heart, and this also was ruptured. She had, in a *physical* sense of the word, died *heart-broken*, an expression only true physiologically, for she was greatly beloved by her husband, and they lived happily together. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the revelations of the post-mortem.

There is a new Swedish singer, Mademoiselle Roesk, who is said to be equal to Jenny Lind.

The Albany *Evening Journal* of Monday says: "This morning, about 10¼ o'clock, as Judge Gould, of Troy, was in the act of stepping from the Hudson River Railroad ferry-boat upon the bridge he slipped and fell into the basin. The boat was moving from the slip when the accident occurred, and as he was in the act of taking leave of some friends at the time he was probably looking in another direction, and was not aware that the boat was moving. After falling he floated upon the surface of the water, and was finally rescued by John M'Carty, a deck-hand on board the tow-boat *Cayuga*. Although not a swimmer, the Judge was conscious, and knew that as long as he remained upon his back, held his breath, and kept his arms in motion, he would float. This he did until assistance was rendered him, which, although speedily rendered, appeared to him a long time. It was a narrow escape, for had he struck either the dock or the boat in falling he would probably have sunk to the bottom of the slip, which is of great depth of water. He was taken to the office of the Hudson River Railroad, when he obtained a dry overcoat, and soon after took the cars for Troy."

Captain Creighton, formerly in command of the ship *Three Bells*, and whose heroic conduct in rescuing passengers from the wreck of the Collins steamer *Arctic* will long be remembered, is now commander of the Glasgow steam-packet *John Bell*, expected to arrive in about two weeks, on her first voyage to this port.

Mr. Young, of the *Albion*, writes from England: "Lady Franklin is the only person of note with whom I have come personally into contact; and, while I do not approve the practice of social photography, nor feel justified in recording private conversations, I am glad of an opportunity to chronicle good news of this long-suffering and most estimable woman. The poignancy of her grief is mitigated by the assurance of her husband's fate. What a burden remains for the widows and the mourning relatives of Sir John's comrades, over whom the vail still hangs!"

The Hon. James C. Jones, whose death was announced by telegraph last week, has figured largely for some years in the political affairs of Tennessee. In 1841 he was elected Governor by the Whigs over James K. Polk, then the Democratic incumbent of that office, and re-elected in 1843, Mr. Polk again running against him. He was chosen a Presidential Elector by the Whigs in 1848, and cast his vote for General Taylor. In 1851 he was elected to the United States Senate, in which body he served six years with credit to himself and the State he represented.

An anecdote, relative to the late Professor Wilson, is just now circulating. When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was, of course, referred to papa. Having stated his, probably, not unexpected case, the younger gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and, doubtless, her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, for review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "*With the author's compliments.*" He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* says that "the respected President of Columbia College has the prospect of ending his days in clover. His wife had the good fortune to inherit, by the death of a relative, about a month ago, an estate estimated to be worth some $700,000. The property comprises several entire blocks of houses in New York City, and in localities lying directly in the path of the march of improvement. The lady is to enjoy a life-interest in the estate, and it is then to be divided up among her children. The property, in its present comparatively undeveloped state, commands a rental of not far from $40,000 per annum."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" NOT COMING AFTER ALL.

THE directors of the *Great Eastern* held a meeting on board on the 19th, and it is authoritatively announced that the departure of the vessel has been postponed *sine die*, and orders given that all passage money received be returned. No time will be fixed for the transatlantic voyage until good progress has been made in fitting out the ship in thorough sea-going completeness, and according to some authorities there is no likelihood of the voyage being made before next spring. The ship would remain at Holyhead about ten days longer, and then go to Southampton to complete her fittings, after which a trip to Lisbon is spoken of. It is stated that in her present condition the directors will not accept the ship from Mr. Scott Russell.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The Tralee *Chronicle* says that Messrs. Beardmore and Robinson, electricians, visited Valentia this week, and set on foot a series of experiments on the Atlantic cable. Encouragement as to the success of the undertaking, both as regards the resuscitation of the old and the laying of the new cable was in the ascendant. These gentlemen found room in the state of the cable to disseminate new encouragement to its friends.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH BISHOPS INTERFERING.

The *Ami de la Religion* announces that a great many French bishops who had hitherto refrained from giving their opinion on the crisis in the Papal States, are about to have them delivered from the pulpit, in bringing the allocution of the Pope under the notice of the faithful. It is reported that the Government is about to intimate to the right reverend prelates that in the interest of the Church they had better let the matter drop.

THE EMPEROR TRUE TO ITALY.

We read in the Paris correspondence of *Le Nord*: "To-day (Sunday) the Emperor received the deputations from Parma and Tuscany at St. Cloud. The Parmese envoys were the first to be admitted. The audience commenced at ten o'clock, and lasted a quarter of an hour only. But if the interview was short, it was in the highest degree satisfactory to the deputies of Parma, whose countenances, on leaving the Palace, showed their contentment. The Tuscans remained in conference for more than an hour and a half. The deputies can not, of course, report that this interview will remove every difficulty, but they will at least be able to say that the Emperor remains faithful to himself, and persevering in his *rôle* of protector of the Italian cause; and they have the assurance that the principle upon which the whole question hangs—namely, that of non-intervention by arms—will receive no injury from any quarter whatsoever. At two o'clock General Dabormida (Sardinian Minister) was received by the Emperor, and the consultation lasted for a long time."

LADIES WHO LOVE THEIR LORDS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "It is said that the Empress of Austria, the Empress of the French, and the Princess Clotilde are all in a fair way to make additions to the present large and crowded population of Europe; 'in short,' as Micawber would say, they are *enciente*. That happy condition of her Majesty the Queen of Spain has been officially announced. I saw the Princess Clotilde and her husband, 'our well-beloved cousin,' starting from their residence in the Palais Royal, a few afternoons since, for a ride in the Champs Elysées. She is a pretty little lady—much prettier than her pictures make her appear—but she has a saddened look about her, and did not seem to be happy, as it is said she is not."

SWITZERLAND.

THE TREATY OF ZURICH.

A Zurich dispatch of the 18th says: The principal points of the treaty of peace between France and Austria, signed by the Plenipotentiaries, but not yet ratified by the two governments, are as follows:

1. Austria gives up Lombardy, *except Mantua and Peschiera*, and as far as the frontier line fixed by special commission, to France, who transfers it to Piedmont.
2. Pensions acquired in Lombardy are to be paid by the new government.
3. Piedmont is to pay Austria 40,000,000 florins, and be responsible for three-fifths of the debt of Monte Lombard Venetia, making the debt in all transferred to Sardinia 250,000,000 francs.
4. The two contracting Powers will unite their efforts in order *that reform in the administration should be carried out by the Pope.*
5. The rights of the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma *are expressly reserved to the two Emperors*, who will assist with all their power in the formation of a confederation of all the States of Italy.
6. Venetia, under Austrian rule, is to form part of the confederation.
7. Ratifications will be exchanged at Zurich within fifteen days.

It will be seen from the above that the treaty is merely an amplification of the Villafranca agreement.

AUSTRIA.

AN OVERISSUE BY GOVERNMENT.

The following extraordinary notice has been published by the Austrian Minister of Finance relative to the national loan:

"The last term of payment of the voluntary loan of 1854 having become due on the 24th of August last, and some supplementary sums only now remaining to be paid, the total sum of the bonds issued for that kind of debt, during the financial period of five years, amounts to 611,571,300 florins, of which 26,492,100 florins are in the sinking fund of the public debt, so that the amount of the bonds of this kind in circulation is 585,079,200 florins, and the voluntary loan of 1854 is definitively closed."

We read of this affair in the *Ost Deustche Post* of October 16:

"The publication of this notice has produced an extraordinary sensation in our financial world, and we fear that it will cause a still greater one abroad. The imperial decree of 1854 prescribed a national loan of 500 millions of florins, and to the great surprise of every one it is now found that the bonds issued amount to 611,574,300 florins, or 111½ millions more than the original sum fixed. Out of these 111½ millions between twenty-six and twenty seven are, it is true, as the notice informs us, deposited in the coffers of the sinking fund of the public debt, but that simply signifies that the sums every year appropriated to the sinking fund of the old public debt have not been paid; that the old titles of the debt have been replaced by new ones, *and that the money which ought to have been handed over to the sinking fund has been employed for other purposes.* According to this plan we attach but little importance to the sinking fund continuing to fulfill its functions regularly. Debts are not paid off except by real surplus, and if, on the contrary, old engagements are only settled by contracting new ones, it would be much better to abstain from such useless parade."

ITALY.

COMMOTION AMONG THE PEOPLE.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Piedmont on account of the conditions of the Zurich treaty. The King of Sardinia, in receiving a deputation from the municipality of Genoa, reiterated his intention to defend the cause of Italian independence to the utmost of his power. He expressed the hope that the wishes of Italy would be granted.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says that the object of the Sardinian Minister for Foreign Affairs visiting Paris is to obtain the Emperor's consent, pending the Congress, to the occupation of Central Italy by Piedmontese troops, and the appointment of Prince Carignano as Regent of the Duchies and Legations.

The Communal Council of Milan had voted 100,000 francs toward Garibaldi's subscription for the purchase of muskets.

It was reported at Turin that, in consequence of Neapolitan war ships having been signaled in a hostile attitude off the coast of Romagna, a Piedmontese squadron had been ordered round into the Adriatic.

It is asserted that there has been a revolutionary movement in Palermo, but that it was suppressed. One story says that one hundred and fifty rebels were killed, but it lacks confirmation.

Justice continued to be energetically carried out in Parma. New arrests had taken place. The municipality had determined on the destruction of the column on which the head of Anviti was placed.

It was expected that the effective strength of the new Sardinian army will be 100,000, exclusive of the rifle corps and military marine. In addition, there will be throughout the kingdom about 600,000 National Guards.

AN AMERICAN CONSUL IN TROUBLE.

We read in the Florence correspondence of the London *Post*: "The Provisional Government of Tuscany has, if I am rightly informed, found it necessary to withdraw the *exequatur* of the United States Consul at Leghorn, Mr. Joseph Binda, in consequence of the part which he has been playing in the reactionary farce of MM. Poniatowsky and Rezet. It may seem rather surprising that the Consul of the United States should busy himself as a partisan of the dethroned Princes of Lorraine; but the circumstance is explained by the peculiar antecedents of Mr. Joseph Binda. He held some appointment in the kingdom of Etruria, I believe, at the Court of Elize Baciocchi, and has ever since been regarded as one of those partisans of the Bonapartist dynasty who kept hoping against hope for the resurrection of a Napoleonic empire. His marriage with an American lady belonging to one of the great historic families who were active in the War of Independence enabled him to obtain, through this domestic connection, the post of United States Consul at Leghorn, the duties of which he has discharged during many years. He appears, however, to have combined with his consular functions others very closely, though not publicly, connected with the furtherance of French policy in the Peninsula, and more especially with the zealous advocacy of whatever views might be at any moment most in favor with the present Foreign Minister of France. For some months before the celebrated declaration on New-Year's Day to M. Hubner, Mr. Joseph Binda's deep interest in the cause of Italian Independence led him to repair to England, where his personal relations with several distinguished English statesmen would, it was believed, enable him to transmit to Count Walewski reliable information on the course which those individuals would be likely to take in a conflict between France and Austria. After a sojourn of about a year, Mr. Binda returned to Leghorn deeply grieved at the amount of sympathy pervading English society for the cause of Austria. He appears, however, to have brought back the virus of his own system; for immediately after the peace of Villafranca he became the most violent partisan of a restoration *à tout prix*, and employed all the influence derived from his age, his social relations, his unquestioned ability, and his consular office, to forward the plans of Prince Poniatowsky and M. Reizet. Ferdinand IV. at length carried him so far that, after a dinner given by Prince Joseph Poniatowsky at Monte Rotondo, he drew up a protest directed against the tyranny of the present Tuscan Government. This protest was privately circulated among the persons supposed to be most devoted to the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, but came to an untimely end through the apprehensions of a person holding an important office, who, after having attached his name to the document, took fright, got the protest again into his possession, since which time it has not been heard of. Mr. Binda is directly taxed with having counseled certain notorious adherents of the Republican party to proclaim a republican form of government; and as this advice was given contemporaneously with his efforts in behalf of a restored dynasty, little doubt can be entertained that the advice was only given with a view to afford a pretext for an armed intervention in the event of its being followed. Such are the reasons assigned for the strong measure taken by the Tuscan Ministry respecting the United States Consul."

CHINA.

MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

Count Moravieff reached the Peh-tang River on the 14th ult. in the Russian steamer *America*. Of American movements he says:

"The junk had mandarins on board who brought a letter from the Governor of the Province of Chihli, appointing the 8th for an interview with Mr. Ward. Accordingly, on the morning of the 8th we went in to the river which we had seen on our former visit; it is about six miles to the northward of the Pei-ho, and is named the Peh-tang, after the village at the entrance. There is a bar at the mouth with from ten to twelve feet of water on it at high-water, but the river deepens to four or five fathoms inside; there is a fort on each side, and a few troops stationed here. Several mandarins came on board when we got inside the bar, and desired us to anchor, which we did about two miles below the town; and Mr. Ward, the Commodore, and members of the legation went up in junks fitted up for the occasion. During the interview the Governor several times alluded to the battle of the Pei-ho, and appeared to be desirous of saying something in extenuation of the course pursued by them, but said nothing about our being there; he also asked why the English and French Ministers had left the Gulf, and what they intended doing, etc. Mr. Ward told him that he came here to attend to his own business, and knew nothing about the English and French. The answer arrived from Pekin on the 14th, giving our Minister permission to go there. Arrangements were made for traveling by the Chinese to the satisfaction of Mr. Ward, and he started on the 20th with the members of the legation and the following officers of the *Powhatan*: Lieutenants Trenchard and Habersham, Surgeons Fox and Sandford, Captain (M. C.) Taylor, Purser Gallaher, Engineer Shock, Chaplain Wood, and Secretary Allmand."

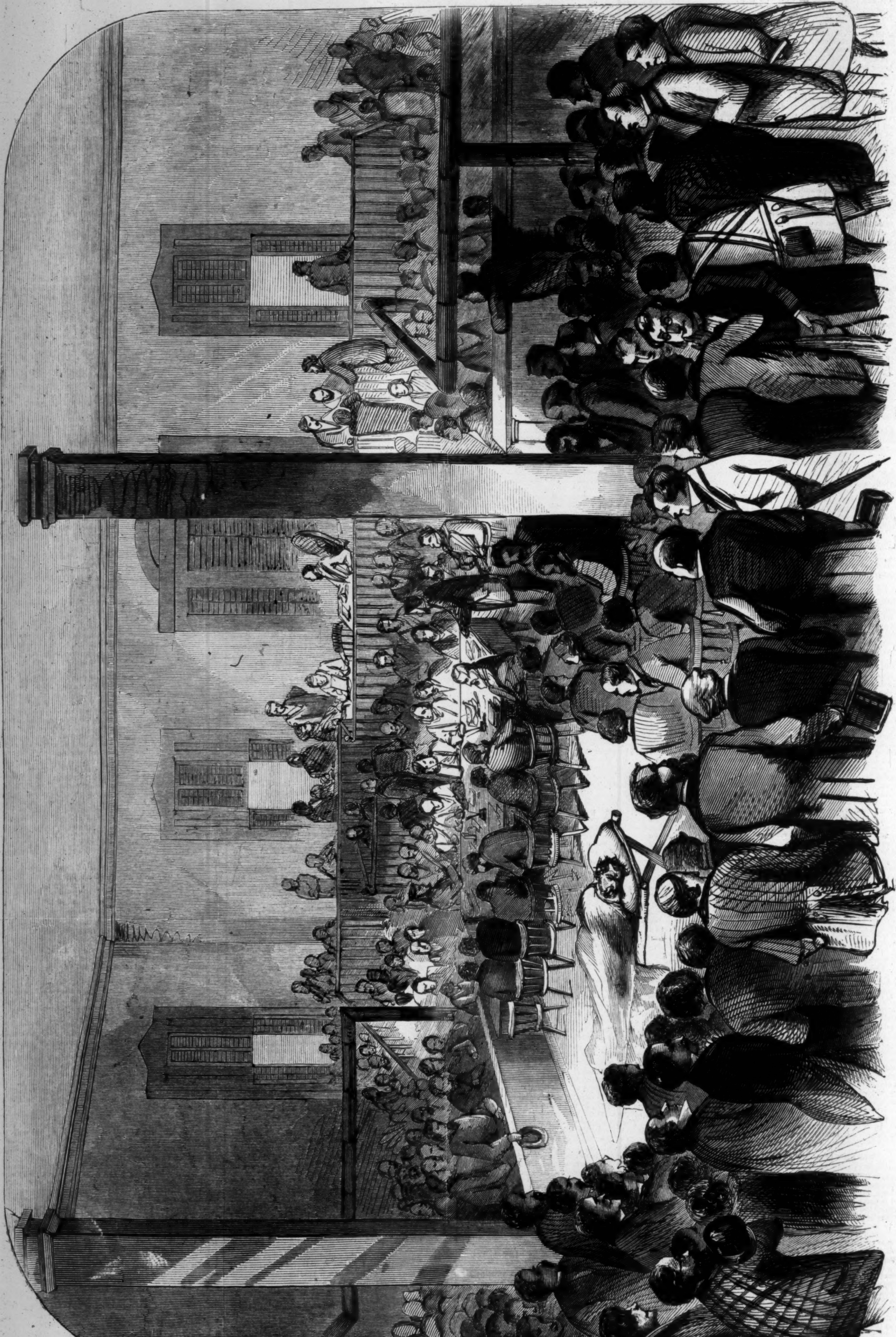
The Hong-Kong correspondent of the London *Times* says: "By Shanghai advices we learn that a Russian gun-boat had brought news of the American Minister's arrival at Pekin. No letters had been received, and consequently nothing further had transpired. It was also reported that he was expected at Shanghai about the 24th inst."

DETAILS OF THE INTERVIEW.

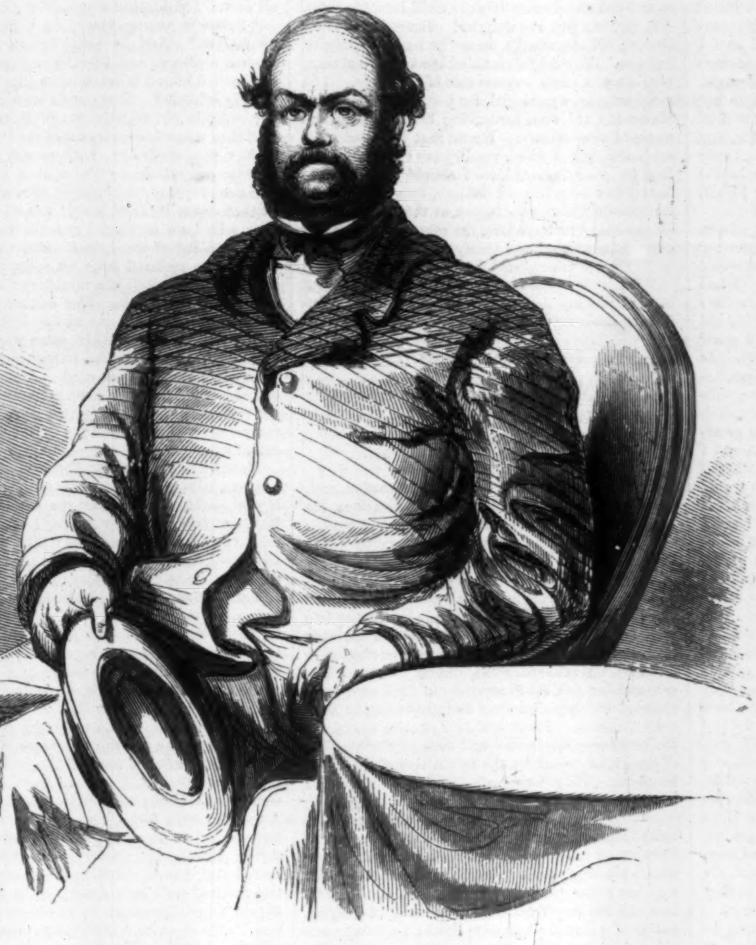
A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, writing on board the United States ship *Powhatan*, under date of July 15, gives the following account of Mr. Ward's interview with the Governor-General of one of the Chinese provinces:

"The conference was now opened, being sustained entirely on the one side, and mainly by the Governor-General on the other, the second red-button Mandarin only occasionally joining it. The Governor-General was neatly but plainly dressed, easy, gentle, and polite in his bearing, and, however earnestly speaking, using but little gesticulation. His age is fifty-two years. He is moderate in stature and size, and altogether—mentally, physically, and in manners—in a good degree of harmony with European ideas. Different in all respects was his associate, a stout, gross-built man, and his face indicative also of grossness of mind; cheerful, and even laughing, and considerably boisterous in conversation, which he enlivened and enforced by the use of much gesticulation. From his appearance he might be judged to be about forty years old.

"As soon as they were seated in the room, the Governor-General asked the Minister what had brought him to the North. He replied that he was on his way to Pekin, there to exchange the ratification of the treaty. The Governor-General asked if he had heard of the battle which had recently taken place with the English. The Minister replied, 'Yes.' The Governor-General then asked if the English had not acted very hastily and improperly. The Minister replied, 'These difficulties must be settled by themselves. He was pursuing the course marked out by the American treaty: that he hoped and believed that the Chinese Government would abide by the stipulations of the treaty, and furnish him the means of going to Pekin.' The Governor-General replied that the treaty was to be exchanged at Pekin, but that the Minister could not go to Pekin until the arrival of the Commissioners from Shanghai, who had been appointed by his Majesty to conduct him there. Our Minister said that it was a matter to him personally of no importance where he remained, but it was not respectful to the nation he represented to keep him more than a month off the coast, awaiting the arrival of the Commissioners, and that he should so report it to his Government. The Governor-General asked at what point he would prefer remaining until the arrival of the Commissioners. Our Minister replied, 'In Pekin, or on board his own frigate.' The Governor-General then proposed that if neither of the Commissioners arrived within ten days of that time, that our Minister should then proceed to Pekin, and there await the arrival of the Commissioners from Shanghai. To this our Minister assented; and subsequently all preparations were made for Mr. Ward and his party by the Governor-General."



THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN, AT CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, FOR TREASON AND MURDER.—[Sketched by Porte Crayon.]



COLONEL WASHINGTON.—[DRAWN BY PORTE CRAYON.]

THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

[FROM OUR OWN ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

THE law, in its awful majesty—its mumbling of essential formulas, its wise delays, its careful siftings of evidence to prove what seems already patent, its hair-splitting principles, its squeamishness in terms, its quirks and quibbles—has few attractions for a fervent and impulsive spirit. A criminal trial and a crowded room is a lingering bore to one who loves action and out-of-doors.

As the minutest details of the trial of the Harper's Ferry prisoners are furnished by the reporters of the daily press, I will not crowd your pages with needless repetitions, but will endeavor to find other matter bearing upon the subject, I hope equally interesting and enlightening to the public.

Charlestown, the place where the Court now holds its sittings, is the seat of justice for Jefferson County, Virginia, situated on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. It is a neat and flourishing town, containing about sixteen hundred inhabitants, and is the centre of one of the wealthiest and most prosperous agricultural regions in the United States—a region distinguished at the same time for the high social refinement and princely hospitality of its inhabitants. This region—of which the counties of Berkeley, Frederick, and Clarke form a portion—has sometimes been called the Garden of Virginia, and reckons among its native sons many eminent men both of the past and present.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning I visited the prisoners—not in their cells, as our usual phraseology has it, but in their rooms, large, well-ventilated, and comfortable. Brown and Stephens, the wounded men, occupy the same room. From general indications, I think that the wounds of the latter are mortal, and that in all probability he will not survive the trial. Brown is mending rapidly, being already in much better condition than when I saw him at Harper's Ferry on the morning of his capture. Both prisoners are very conversable; but as I had nothing to say to them by way of encouragement, I did not care to annoy them with curious questions. In the room above, Edwin Coppic and Shields Green (*alias* Emperor), a negro, are handcuffed together, sharing their meals and occupying the same bed. Coppic says he is twenty-four years of age; Green says he is but twenty-one: I should judge he was at least twenty-seven or eight. I think he understated his age that his youth might excite compassion. Although a Member of Congress elect, he also says he can neither read nor write, and was once a professional old-clothes cleaner. In view of these facts it is scarcely to be regretted that the scheme failed, as the Congress of the proposed Provisional Government would hardly be an improvement on the present body. The courage of these men has evidently given way; they have a cowed and haggard look that would excite pity, were such a feeling possible under the circumstances. In an adjoining room is the fifth prisoner, Copeland, taken at the Rifle-works on Monday. Copeland is what is called technically a likely mulatto, and would make a very genteel dining-room servant. He has the rudiments of education, and is believed to be a Judge of the Supreme Court under the Provisional Government. At present he is cowed and penitent, and says he was entirely deceived as to the ends and objects of the invasion. This, however, is disproved by the testimony of the other prisoners, and especially of Brown, who says that no man was either hired or persuaded to join him. Money was furnished for equipment and traveling expenses; but, beyond that, all enlisted voluntarily, and with full knowledge of his intentions.

Doubtless the spoils of the conquered territory, confiscated estates, and lucrative offices, would soon make all right. What story of the Arabian Nights can equal the golden dreams that haunted their woolly noddles as they lay snoozing and snoring over at the Kennedy Farm! Green, the M.C., already sees the elegant country mansion which is to fall to his lot; his fingers stiff with diamond rings, his vest loaded with gold chains and stuffed with jeweled repeaters, he struts out upon his terrace, surveys his broad lands, and calls his coach-and-six—six at least, for a negro never enjoys any thing by halves. The coach appears, with driver and footman in livery, some ex-gentlemen of the F. F. V.'s—the former proprietor, perhaps. The (*alias*) Emperor drives to the Provisional Capital, where he finds the Supreme Court in session. He gives his fellows ninepence, that they may go drink his health. It is recommended that the fallen race should be treated leniently; and it does him good to feel princely. Entering the court-room, he finds Judge Copeland engaged in important business. A number of perverse and unreasonable Southerners have refused the merciful terms offered them, and have been taken in arms in defense of their homes and property. Death is their doom; and grim General Brown stands near, with his regiments of Sharpe's riflemen and legions of sable pikemen, ready to lead the rebels to execution. The sable Congressman suggests some amelioration, being full of meat and drink, and in a good humor generally. He would like to have a dozen of them to work on his estate; thinks he can manage them; it is pleasant to have a number of people that one can order around. But—Emperor starts and rubs his eyes. It is the order to march. The chilly air of an October night, or the startling proximity of long-meditated action, sends a sharp thrill through the dreamer's heart; but where old John Brown leads there is no turning back. The deed is done—Monday morning has dawned. The night was one of action, but no reinforcements have come in. With the light they read dismay and astonishment in every face.

After terror follows anger. Then the day of desperate combat, blood, and death. Hemmed-in, trapped, deceived. It is soon over. Now, manacled and imprisoned, sit these dreamers of wealth and greatness—their delusions vanished—crushed under the awful realities of their situation.

This is no imaginative picture which I have drawn in a spirit of levity and scorn. In wildness and absurdity it halts behind the reality—the long-devised and coolly-meditated schemes of the fanatical conspirators. It is difficult for a sane mind to conceive of such infatuation; and yet these men are clearly not insane. Minds too narrow to contain more than one full-grown idea run easily into monomania. Cervantes has given us the type, in his famous "Don Quixote," of wind-mill memory; and the credulous Sancho, covetous of islands and asses'-colts. John Brown is not unlike the Don personally, as described, and is certainly quite as mad. His one-and-twenty followers, in their thrice-sodden folly, are no whit better than so many Sanchos.

Courtly flower of La Manchean chivalry, and thou his true and faithful squire, we humbly crave your pardons for thus associating your names with these vulgar knaves and midnight assassins!

The more I see of Brown, the more I am convinced that, in addition to his abolition monomania, he is under the influence of a ferocious vanity. Influenced by the infuriate babblings of persons better educated but no wiser than himself, he goes to Kansas, where he earns a reputation as a partisan leader, and at the same time gets a taste of human blood. "Ira brevis furor est." That miserable contest, fomented by unprincipled politicians for party and personal purposes, at length ceased. The belligerent parties shook hands, took a drink, and peacefully turned their energies to cheating one another and the rest of the world. Not so John Brown. The demon which those border forays had awakened is destined never again to sleep. Old Brown—Ossawattomie Brown, Brown of Kansas, the Topeka Governor, the dread of Border Ruffians, the Moses of the higher law—can not descend into the vulgar stagnation of common life.

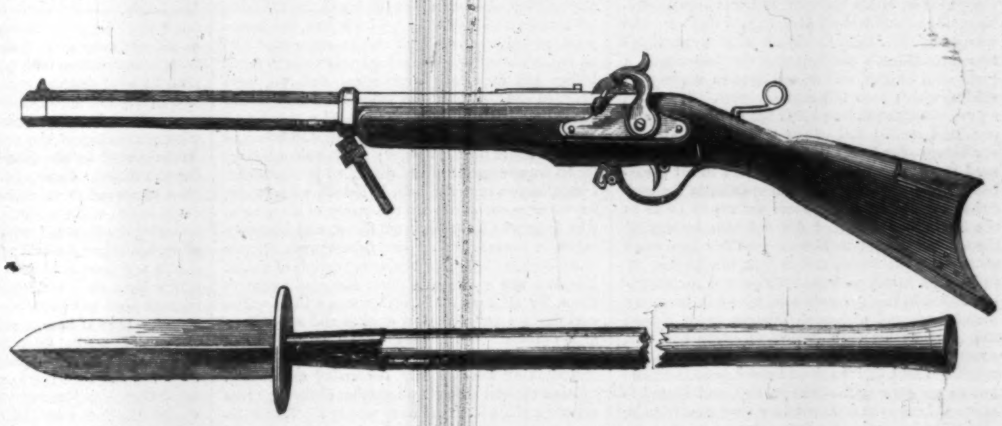
Æsop tells us of a certain harper who, having pleased the sots in an ale-house with his music, was so conceited as to go upon the stage and play for the great public. Here he failed ignominiously, and was hissed.

In his grand scheme to overthrow the Government of the United States and the Anglo-Saxon race in the South, with twenty-two men, Brown has failed as signally as the poor musician, but will hardly get off so cheap. Yet (to use his own expression), to give the devil his dues, he bears himself stiffly under his misfortunes. Fierce as a gun-lock, cool as a sword, he makes no apologies, and yields no triumph to his enemies. In his bearing there is neither weakness nor bravado. Defiant only when stirred; otherwise civil and straightforward; communicative when questioned; and thankful for small favors.

In person, Brown is gaunt and tall—over six feet, I should think. He walks like a man accustomed to the woods. His face indicates unflinching resolution, evil passions, and narrow mind. Perhaps these interpretations may be drawn from his actions rather than his features. But consider his face as he appears in *The Arraignment*—where, if there is nothing extenuated, there is naught set down in malice—and see if you do not agree with me.

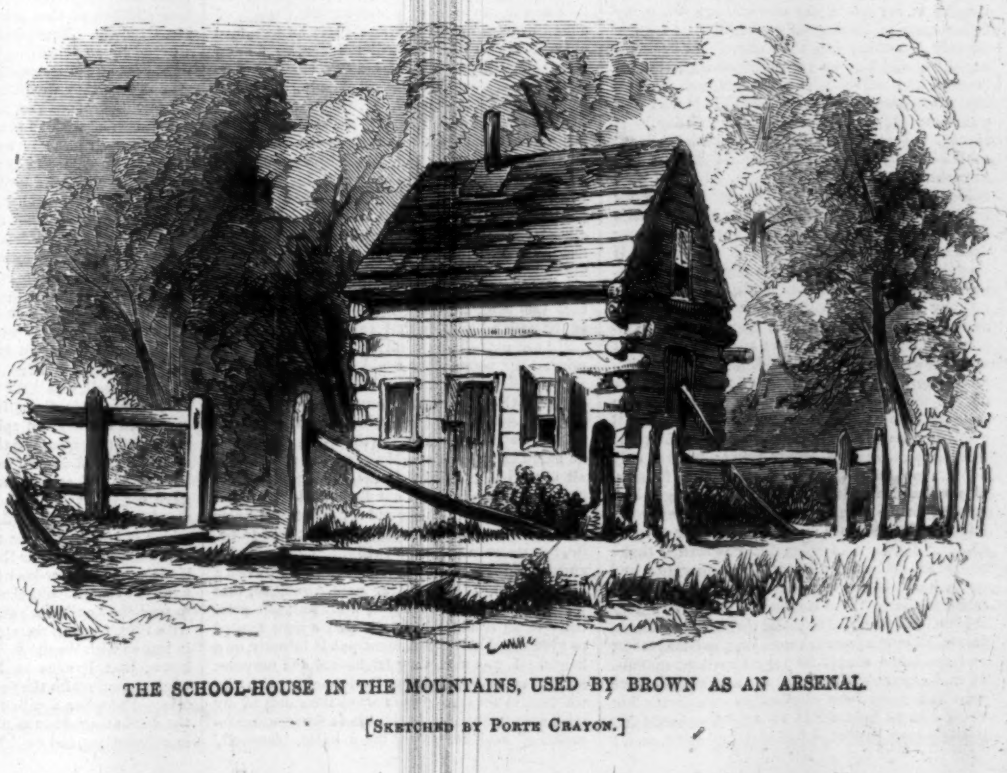
The only thing Brown seems to fear is Lynch Law. He avows his dread of it, and has condescended to ask protection from it from those about him. To give him this assurance (rather than from any well-grounded fear of disturbance), an armed guard accompanies him in his daily rounds between the jail and the court-house.

When brought before the Court to answer the indictment of the Grand Jury, he made a strong effort to have his trial deferred; stating that, from his wounds, his hearing was impaired and his general condition too feeble to enable him to attend to the proceedings. This was very generally considered a sham to gain time; and in truth I did, for the first time since his capture, suspect the old



SWIVEL GUN AND PIKE USED BY THE HARPER'S FERRY OUTLAWS.

[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS, USED BY BROWN AS AN ARSENAL.

[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

fellow of playing 'possum. In the opinion of his physician the delay claimed was unnecessary, and it was consequently refused. Since that, he has appeared in court trussed up in a cot, generally—to all seeming—asleep while the proceedings are going on; but occasionally starting up from his lair, grim and sudden, like a brindled wolf, interrupting the Court with short, snappish questions and speeches. When ordered to stand up to hear the verdict of the jury, he sat up in his cot; and while thousands held their breath in solemn silence to hear the verdict that pronounced him guilty of *treason, inciting to servile insurrection, and murder*, he was picking his teeth with a pin.

Of a truth the human mind is a mystery! A week ago I heard John Brown avow that he was a sincere Christian; in the same breath declaring that he had entered Virginia for the purpose of making war on the white race, determined to kill all who opposed his views. He knew that his life was forfeited if he failed; confessed that he had failed; and said savagely that the great mistake he had made was in sparing the prisoners he had in his power. He would not presume to ask for mercy—he did not expect it. Now he pleads not guilty to deeds which he before avowed and reiterated; quibbles with the lawyers to obtain delay; and clamors about a fair trial.

Well, well; a truce to philosophy! Here, in all probability, is an end of old John Brown—saint or sinner, martyr or murderer, famous or infamous, as the case may be. We may yet all have to acknowledge that we owe him for one good turn: with desperate hand he has blown up the whole magazine of abolition pyrotechnics—pray God there may not a cracker or a squib remain unburned! Brethren of the North, when hereafter any man shall attempt to profane your rostrums or your pulpits with incendiary abuse and revilings against any section of our common country, I charge you smite him on the mouth—with the word Harper's Ferry.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

"MONSIEUR does not care to hear an old woman's stupid story; perhaps it would not interest him."

"Indeed, Madame, I am all anxiety. I hope Madame's great kindness will not disappoint me."

"Well, Sir, as you so much wish, you shall hear. I was born in this town, and have always lived in it. I was married to a townsman, and here my son Fritz was born. I hope I shall die in it, and be buried with my friends. My father was a very respectable man, and a member of the town-council. He was a great linen-weaver, and was thought to be a rich man. People in those days were more prudent than they are now, Sir. My father used himself to work at the loom. I was the youngest of his children, so I was a great darling; the others had all died, except one son, who was years older than I. What with my mother's loss and Albert's disobedience my father was a great deal broken, and was obliged to neglect his affairs, which soon fell into disorder. He doted on me, notwithstanding I was but a silly girl, with my head stuffed full of my own beauty, and all my lovers—for I was very handsome, Sir. They used to say I was the prettiest maid in all Strasbourg; and when any new officer came to the garrison they always made some excuse to come to the house to see me. I did not care for any of them; but I used to like to see their fine coats come down the street, and to hear the jingling of their spurs on the pavement, because of our neighbor opposite, the notary's son, who had been my play-fellow, and who used, I knew, to sit behind the blind at his desk, watching every one that came in and out. When we were children the neighbors said that we should one day be married; but as we grew up he became shy, and I used to laugh at him, so that we were not very good friends, and I liked to tease him better than any thing else in the world. I was now a young woman, but very thoughtless and gay, and still I loved my father dearly, and tried to make him forget his trouble about Albert, who was just as bad as ever.

"I was sitting one day at the open window, singing at my work, just to vex Carl, when my father came in, looking so sorrowful that I knew directly something was the matter. 'Elizabeth, my child,' said he, 'we are ruined—our good name is gone, and we shall be a by-word and disgrace in the place where we were born. It is well that your poor mother did not live to see this day.' It is no good for me to trouble you with a long story, so I will only say that my wicked brother had brought this new sorrow upon us. He had been going on in a desperate way of extravagance for a long time, and taking advantage of my father's age and weakness in every way, but he had never done so bad a deed as this before. The way of it was this, Sir: My father had a large sum of money belonging to his guild in his hands, and Albert had, by forging his name, got it from the bank, and gone off with it, no one knew where. This money would be demanded on a certain day about a month distant, and our good, honest reputation forever forfeited if it could not be produced; for no one would believe, said my father, from the state of his own affairs, that he did not know all about it from the first. Well, Sir, we cried, and talked, and thought of every thing; but the only hope we could fix on was, that a sister of my father's, who was a rich widow, living in Paris, might lend it to us, for the sake of the family. We none of us knew much about her, but it was the last chance; so, after a great many plans, it was settled that I should set off by the diligence next morning, and go to her. It was not the fashion then to trust much to the post, for we used to get letters very seldom, and people always did their business themselves; although journeys were long and dangerous, and not taken except for very important reasons. It was a great undertaking for a young creature who had never been outside her own town; but there was no help for it, as my father could not possibly go; besides, I had plenty of spirit, and, I suppose, rather liked the idea of the adventure. In a few hours after, my place was taken, my intended journey was noised abroad, and all the neighbors were full of curiosity about it. We said that I was going unexpectedly to see my aunt; but there was a vast deal of envy and spite among them. Poor Carl stood at his window, and walked up and down before the house all day, but I never noticed him; young girls are such silly things, Sir, and never like a young man to know the truth. I only just nodded to him as I stood at the gate, and said: 'Good-by, Carl; see what a fine husband I shall bring home from Paris.'

"Well, I won't trouble you with all my adventures. I got to town very well, and found out my aunt, who was very glad to see me, and who would have liked me to stay with her all my life. I had a fine time; until at last it only wanted four days to the time when the money had to be paid, and the journey took three; so off I started in great joy, carrying the sum in bank-notes with me. At this time the roads were extremely dangerous, being full of robbers. It was seldom that a diligence was not stopped on its way, and all travelers brought home stories of their dangers or escapes; so, to secure my treasure, my aunt and I settled that it would be better for me to place it between my foot and my stocking, where it would be never looked for, even in case of an attack. I was never much afraid of any thing, and made very merry with the good lady's fears, but did as she desired, and set off. I made the sixth person in the *intérieur*. There was a priest going to Nancy; a young man and his sister going on to Strasbourg; a manufacturer; and an old Jew, who wrapped himself up in his pelisse, and seemed to sleep all the way. We soon got very chatty, and tried to frighten each other with stories of robbers and murders, and told of the ingenious way in which travelers had concealed their valuables. I, being young and giddy, as I have told you, and excited by the talk, which was very free and friendly, with great pride told of my little hoard, and where I carried it. I had scarcely said the words, when I felt I had been very foolish, for I saw the old man look round with a strange, sharp look, that somehow frightened me. Well, Sir, we went on, stopping to dine and rest, and as friendly and merry a party we were as ever you saw, except the Jew, who kept to himself in his corner, listening to all our nonsense, but never saying a word.

"The priest's place at Nancy was taken by an officer going on to Strasbourg, and we went on happier than ever, until we passed through the town of Mogenvie, and found ourselves in the wild open country lying between that and Sarrebourg. As for me, I was so gay at the thought of being so near home, and making my poor father so happy, that I laughed and sang like a giddy child. It was now quite dark, and had become very wild, a strong wind blowing across the heath from the distant mountain. Suddenly, with a jerk, the horses were pulled up, and loud shouts and oaths told us our misfortune. We had scarcely time to think before the door was torn open, and we were dragged out. As for the officer who had talked exceeding bravely, he never offered a resistance, but cried out for mercy. The young man who was with his sister fired his pistol; but it was of no use, for he was surrounded and disarmed in a moment. I was, as you may suppose, half-dead with terror, for we were completely at the mercy of these men, who dragged all the baggage down, and instantly began to ransack it: all our things were thrown into a heap, and they selected every article of value. The Jew was certainly a great disappointment to them, for all they found of his was a little valise containing some worthless clothes and a few Russian roubles. While they were threatening and swearing at him, a man rudely took my arm, and shaking me violently, demanded my money. 'Leave the girl alone,' said another of them; 'how should a child like that have money?' I now began to experience a hope of escape, and ventured to look about me: they had taken out the horses, and were engaged in tying the traces round the old man's neck. Perhaps they were only trying to frighten him, or perhaps they were really savage from disappointment. But oh, Sir, it was a dreadful scene in the dark night, not knowing which of our turns might come next. At last he screamed out: 'Stay, stay, and I will tell you, as I am a living man, where I have hid my money. The little girl carries it all, a great sum, under her stocking.' In a moment, Sir, they were roaring like wild beasts about me, and my shoe and stocking off. My poor money! I do not remember any thing more until I came out of my faint, and found that we were again on our road. My heart was almost broken. I could do nothing but cry and think of my poor father. I think even the other passengers pitied me, although they had all had some loss, and, during the whole journey, never ceased to vent their indignation upon the old man. He never seemed to mind or hear a word that was said, and took leave of us all at Strasbourg with a humility that was almost insulting.

"I can not tell you what a miserable return was mine. My poor father could only cry over me, and thank God that my life was spared to him; and poor Carl, that I was so unkind to, came running across, and wept like a little child, though he was a fine tall man—bigger than you, Sir—when he heard of my escape. My heart was melted, and all my pride gone, and I was, in all my trouble, thankful to sit there in our little parlor, and feel his strong manly arm around my waist, and know that there was my dear husband that was to be. So, Sir, we were all in the twilight, thinking sadly enough of to-morrow, yet happy in to-day, when a ring came at our gate. Our maid, Gretchen, that was afterward Fritz's nurse, went out, but presently came running in to say that a man wanted to give me a letter, but must put it into my own hands. I was still very frightened and nervous, as you may suppose; but Carl coming with me, we went to the door, where stood the cause of my misfortunes, the old Jew. 'It is for you, mademoiselle,' said he, giving me a letter, 'farewell.' I was now all curiosity to find what he had to say to me, and could scarcely wait until I got the light. Oh, Sir, my joy, my delight! It contained these words: 'Mademoiselle, never be hasty in judging any one. You doubtless think me a very bad man, because you know but one side of the story. You are, however, a good girl, for you did not yourself blame the old man for saving his life at the expense of your money. Know that I carried upon me jewels, one of which would have been a fortune. But for your indiscretion I should have lost the hard labor of a life. I inclose, then, two orders for money which awaits you at the bank—one is for the sum you have lost, the other is a marriage-portion for so good and pretty a girl.'

"'That is yours,' said I to Carl.

"We were married, Sir, for I was now a great heiress, and my [illegible] son Fritz inherits that very fortune made from my wedding-dowery."

LOIS THE WITCH.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.—*Concluded.*

THE meeting-house was full to suffocation, and, as it sometimes happens on such occasions, the greatest crowd was close about the doors, from the fact that few saw on their first entrance where there might be possible spaces into which they might wedge themselves. Yet they were impatient of any arrivals from the outside, and pushed and hustled Faith, and after her Lois, till the two were forced on to a conspicuous place in the very centre of the building, where there was no chance of a seat, but still space to stand in. Grace Hickson and her son sat decorously in their own pew, thereby showing that they had arrived early from the execution. You might almost have traced out the number of those who had been at the hanging of the Indian witch by the expression of the countenances. They were awe-stricken into terrible repose; while the crowd pouring in, still pouring in, of those who had not attended the execution, looked all restless, and excited, and fierce. A buzz went round the meeting that the stranger minister who stood along with Parson Tappau in the pulpit was no other than Dr. Cotton Mather himself, come all the way from Boston to assist in purging Salem of witches. And now Pastor Tappau began his prayer, extempore, as was the custom. His words were wild and incoherent, as might be expected from a man who had just been consenting to the bloody death of one who was but a few days ago a member of his own family; violent and passionate, as was to be looked for in the father of children whom he believed to suffer so fearfully from the crime he would denounce before the Lord. He sat down at length from pure exhaustion. Then Dr. Cotton Mather stood forward; he did not utter more than a few words of prayer, calm in comparison with what had gone before, and then he went on to address the great crowd before him in a quiet, argumentative way, but arranging the mode and arrangement of what he had to say with something of the same kind of skill which Antony used in his speech to the Romans after Cæsar's death. Some of Dr. Mather's words have been preserved to us, as he afterward wrote them down in one of his works. Speaking of those "unbelieving Sadducees" who doubted the existence of such a crime, he said: "Instead of their apish shouts and jeers at blessed Scripture, and histories which have such undoubted confirmation as that no man that has breeding enough to regard the common laws of human society will offer to doubt of them, it becomes us rather to adore the goodness of God, who from the mouths of babes and sucklings has ordained truth, and by the means of the sore-afflicted children of your godly pastor has revealed the fact that the devils have, with most horrid operations, broken in upon your neighborhood. Let us beseech Him that their power may be restrained, and that they go not so far in their evil machinations as they did but four years ago in the city of Boston, where I was the humble means, under God, of loosing from the power of Satan the four children of that religious and blessed man, Mr. Goodwin. These four babes of grace were bewitched by an Irish witch; there is no end to the narration of the torments they had to submit to. At one time they would bark like dogs; at another, purr like cats. Yea, they would fly like geese, and be carried with an incredible swiftness, having but just their toes now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, and their arms waved like those of a bird. Yet at other times, by the hellish devices of the woman who had bewitched them, they could not stir without limping, for, by means of an invisible chain, she hampered their limbs, or sometimes, by means of a noose, almost choked them. One in especial was subjected by this woman of Satan to such heat as of an oven that I myself have seen the sweat drop from off her, while all around were moderately cold and well at ease. But not to trouble you with more of my stories, I will go on to prove that it was Satan himself that held power over her. For a very remarkable thing it was that she was not permitted by that evil spirit to read any godly or religious book, speaking the truth as it is in Jesus. She could read Popish books well enough, while both sight and speech seemed to fail her when I gave her the Assembly's Catechism. Again, she was fond of that prelatical Book of Common Prayer which is but the Roman mass-book in an English and ungodly shape. In the midst of her sufferings, if one put the Prayer-book into her hands it relieved her. Yet mark you, she could never be brought to read the Lord's Prayer, whatever book she met with it in, proving thereby distinctly that she was in league with the devil. I took her into my own house, that I, even as Dr. Martin Luther did, might wrestle with the devil and have my fling at him. But when I called my household to prayer the devils caused her to whistle, and sing, and yell in a discordant and hellish fashion."

At this very instant a shrill, clear whistle pierced all ears. Dr. Mather stopped for a moment.

"Satan is among you!" he cried. "Look to yourselves." And he prayed with fervor, as if against a present and threatening enemy; but no one heeded him. Whence came that ominous, unearthly whistle? Every man watched his neighbor. Again the whistle, out of their very midst. And then a bustle in a corner of the building, three or four people stirring, without any cause immediately perceptible to those at a distance; the movement spread, and directly after a passage even in that dense mass of people was cleared for two men, who bore forward Prudence Hickson, lying rigid as a log of wood, in the convulsive position of one who suffered from an epileptic fit. They laid her down among the ministers who were gathered round the pulpit. Her mother came to her, sending up a wailing cry at the sight of her distorted child. Dr. Mather came down from the pulpit and stood over her, exorcising the devil in possession, as one accustomed to such scenes. The crowd pressed forward in mute horror. At length her rigidity of form and feature gave way, and she was terribly convulsed—torn by the devil, as they called it.

Meanwhile Dr. Mather, Pastor Tappau, and one or two others were exhorting Prudence to reveal, if she could, the name of the person, the witch, who, by influence over Satan, had subjected the child to such torture as that which they had just witnessed. They bade her speak in the name of the Lord. She whispered a name in the low voice of exhaustion. None of the congregation could hear what it was. But the Pastor Tappau, when he heard it, drew back in dismay, while Dr. Mather, knowing not to whom the name belonged, cried out, in a clear, cold voice,

"Know ye one Lois Barclay; for it is she who hath bewitched this poor child?"

The answer was given rather by action than by word, although a low murmur went up from many. But all fell back, as far as falling back in such a crowd was possible, from Lois Barclay, where she stood, and looked on her with surprise and horror. A space of some feet, where no possibility of space had seemed to be not a minute before, left Lois standing alone, with every eye fixed upon her with hatred and dread. She stood like one speechless, tongue-tied, as if in a dream. She a witch! accursed as witches were in the sight of God and man! Her smooth, healthy face became contracted into shrivel and pallor, but she uttered not a word, only looked at Dr. Mather with her dilated, terrified eyes.

Some one said, "She is of the household of Grace Hickson, a God-fearing woman." Lois did not know if the words were in her favor or not. She did not think about them even; they told less on her than on any person present. She a witch! and the silver glittering Avon, and the drowning woman she had seen in her childhood at Barford, at home in England, were before her, and her eyes fell before her doom. There was some commotion—some rustling of papers; the magistrates of the town were drawing near the pulpit and consulting with the ministers. Dr. Mather spoke again:

"The Indian woman, who was hung this morning, named certain people, whom she deposed to having seen at the horrible meetings for the worship of Satan; but there is no name of Lois Barclay down upon the paper, although we are stricken at the sight of the names of some—"

An interruption—a consultation. Again Dr. Mather spoke:

"Bring the accused witch, Lois Barclay, near to this poor suffering child of Christ."

They rushed forward to force Lois to the place where Prudence lay. But Lois walked forward of herself.

"Prudence," she said, in such a sweet, touching voice, that long afterward those who heard it that day spoke of it to their children, "have I ever said an unkind word to you, much less done you an ill turn? Speak, dear child. You did not know what you said just now, did you?"

But Prudence writhed away from her approach, and screamed out, as if stricken with fresh agony,

"Take her away! take her away! Witch Lois, witch Lois, who threw me down only this morning, and turned my arm black and blue." And she bared her arm, as if in confirmation of her words. It was sorely bruised.

"I was not near you, Prudence!" said Lois, sadly. But that was only reckoned fresh evidence of her diabolic power.

Lois's brain began to get bewildered. Witch Lois! She a witch, abhorred of all men! Yet she would try to think, and make one more effort.

"Aunt Hickson," she said, and Grace came forward—"am I a witch, Aunt Hickson?" she said; for her aunt, stern, harsh, unloving as she might be, was truth itself, and Lois thought—so near to delirium had she come—if her aunt condemned her it was possible she might indeed be a witch.

Grace Hickson faced her unwillingly.

"It is a stain upon our family forever," was the thought in her mind.

"It is for God to judge whether thou art a witch or not. Not for me."

"Alas, alas!" moaned Lois; for she had looked at Faith and learned that no good word was to be expected from her gloomy face and averted eyes. The meeting-house was full of eager voices, repressed, out of reverence to the place, into tones of earnest murmuring that seemed to fill the air with gathering sounds of anger, and those who had at first fallen back from the place where Lois stood were now pressing forward and round about her, ready to seize the young friendless girl and bear her off to prison. Those who might have been, who ought to have been, her friends, were either averse or indifferent to her; though only Prudence made any open outcry upon her. That evil child cried out perpetually that Lois had cast a devilish spell upon her, and bade them keep the witch away from her; and, indeed, Prudence was strangely convulsed when once or twice Lois's perplexed and wistful eyes were turned in her direction. Here and there girls, women uttering strange cries, and apparently suffering from the same kind of convulsive fit as that which had attacked Prudence, were centres of a group of agitated friends, who muttered much and savagely of witchcraft, and the list which had been taken down only the night before from Hota's own lips. They demanded to have it made public, and objected to the slow forms of the law. Others, not so much or so immediately interested in the sufferers, were kneeling around, and praying aloud for themselves and their own safety, until the excitement should be so much quelled as to enable Dr. Cotton Mather to be again heard in prayer and exhortation.

And where was Manasseh? What said he? You must remember that all the stir of the outcry, the accusation, the appeals of the accused—all seemed to go on at once amidst the buzz and din of the people who had come to worship God, but remained to judge and upbraid their fellow-creature. Till now Lois had only caught a glimpse of Manasseh, who was apparently trying to push forward, but whom his mother was holding back with word and action, as Lois knew she would hold him back; for it was not for the first time that she was made aware how carefully her aunt had always shrouded his decent reputation among his fellow-citizens from the least suspicion of his seasons of excitement and incipient insanity. On such days, when he himself imagined that he heard prophetic voices and saw prophetic visions, his mother would do much to prevent any besides his own family from seeing him; and now Lois, by a process swifter than reasoning, felt certain, from her one look at his face, when she saw it, colorless and deformed by intensity of expression, among a number of others all simply ruddy and angry, that he was in such a state that his mother would in vain do her utmost to prevent his making himself conspicuous. Whatever force or argument Grace used, it was of no avail. In another moment he was by Lois's side, stammering with excitement and giving vague testimony, which would have been of little value in a calm court of justice, and was only oil to the smouldering fire of that audience.

"Away with her to jail!" "Seek out the witches!" "The sin has spread into all households!" "Satan is in the very midst of us!" "Strike and spare not!" In vain Dr. Cotton Mather raised his voice in loud prayers, in which he assumed the guilt of the accused girl; no one listened; all were anxious to secure Lois, as if they feared she would vanish from before their very eyes; she, white, trembling, standing quite still in the tight grasp of strange, fierce men, her dilated eyes only wandering a little now and then in search of some pitiful face—some pitiful face that among all those hundreds was not to be found. While some fetched cords to bind her, and others, by low questions, suggested new accusations to the distempered brain of Prudence, Manasseh obtained a hearing once more. Addressing Dr. Cotton Mather, he said, evidently anxious to make clear some new argument that had just suggested itself to him: "Sir, in this matter, be she witch or not, the end has been foreshown to me by the spirit of prophecy. Now, reverend Sir, if the event be known to the spirit, it must have been foredoomed in the councils of God. If so, why punish her for doing that in which she had no free-will?"

"Young man," said Dr. Mather, bending down from the pulpit, and looking very severely upon Manasseh, "take care! you are trenching on blasphemy."

"I do not care. I say it again. Either Lois Barclay is a witch, or she is not. If she is, it has been foredoomed for her, for I have seen a vision of her death as a condemned witch for many months past—and the voice has told me there was but one escape for her, Lois—the voice you know—" In his excitement he began to wander a little, but it was touching to see how conscious he was that by giving way he would lose the thread of the logical argument by which he hoped to prove that Lois ought not to be punished, and with what an effort he wrenched his imagination away from the old ideas, and strove to concentrate all his mind upon the plea that, if Lois was a witch, it had been shown him by prophecy; and if there was prophecy, there must be foreknowledge; if foreknowledge, foredoom; if foredoom, no exercise of free-will; and, therefore, that Lois was not justly amenable to punishment.

On he went, plunging into heresy, caring not—growing more and more passionate every instant, but directing his passion into keen argument, desperate sarcasm, instead of allowing it to excite his imagination. Even Dr. Mather felt himself on the point of being worsted in the very presence of this congregation, who, but a short half hour ago, looked upon him as all but infallible. Keep a good heart, Cotton Mather! your opponent's eye begins to glare and flicker with a terrible yet uncertain light—his speech grows less coherent, and his arguments are mixed up with wild glimpses at wilder revelations made to himself alone. He has touched at the limits, he has entered the borders of blasphemy, and with an awful cry of horror and reprobation the congregation rise up, as if one man, against the blasphemer. Dr. Mather smiled a grim smile, and the people were ready to stone Manasseh, who went on, regardless, talking and raving.

"Stay, stay!" said Grace Hickson. (All the decent family shame which prompted her to conceal the mysterious misfortune of her only son from public knowledge done away with by the sense of the immediate danger to his life.) "Touch him not. He knows not what he is saying. The fit is upon him. I tell you the truth before God. My son, my only son, is mad."

They stood aghast at the intelligence. The grave young citizen who had silently taken his part in life close by them in their daily lives—not mixing much with them, it was true, but looked up to, perhaps, all the more—the student of abstruse books on theology fit to converse with the most learned ministers that ever came about those parts—was he the same with the man now pouring out wild words to Lois the witch, as if he and she were the only two present? A solution of it all occurred to them. He was another victim. Great was the power of Satan! Through the arts of the devil, that white statue of a girl had mastered the soul of Manasseh Hickson. So the word spread from mouth to mouth. And Grace heard it. It seemed a healing balsam for her shame. With willful, dishonest blindness she would not see—not even in her secret heart would she acknowledge that Manasseh had been strange, and moody, and violent long before the English girl had reached Salem. She even found some specious reason for his attempt at suicide long ago. He was recovering from a fever, and though tolerably well in health, the delirium had not finally left him. But since Lois came how headstrong he had been at times! how unreasonable! how moody! What a strange delusion was that which he was under of being bidden by some voice to marry her! How he followed her about, and clung to her, as under some compulsion of affection! And over all reigned the idea that, if he were indeed suffering from being bewitched, he was not mad, and might again assume the honorable position he had held in the congregation and in the town, ~~when~~ the spell by which he was held was destroyed. So Grace yielded to the notion herself and encouraged it in others, that Lois Barclay had bewitched both Manasseh and Prudence. And the consequence of this belief in those days was, that Lois was to be tried, with little chance in her favor, to see whether she was a witch or no; and if a witch, whether she would confess, implicate others, repent, and live a life of bitter shame, avoided by all men, and cruelly treated by most, or die impenitent, hardened, denying her crime upon the gallows.

And so they dragged Lois away from the congregation of Christians to the jail to await her trial. I say "dragged her," because, although she was docile enough to have followed them whither they would, she was now so faint as to require extraneous force—poor Lois! who should have been carried and tended lovingly in her state of exhaustion, but, instead, was so detested by the multitude, who looked upon her as an accomplice of Satan in all his evil doings, that they cared no more how they treated her than a careless boy cares how he handles the toad that he is going to throw over the wall.

When Lois came to her full senses she found herself lying on a short, hard bed in a dark square room, which she at once knew must be a part of the city jail. It was about eight feet square; it had stone walls on every side, and a grated opening high above her head, letting in all the light and air that could enter in about a square foot of aperture. It was so lonely, so dark to that poor girl, when she came slowly and painfully out of her long faint. She did so want human help in that struggle which always supervenes after a swoon; when the effort is to clutch at life, and the effort seems too much for the will. She did not at first understand where she was; did not understand how she came to be there, nor did she care to understand. Her physical instinct was to lie still, and let the hurrying pulses have time to calm. So she shut her eyes once more. Slowly, slowly the recollection of the scene in the meeting-house shaped itself into a kind of picture before her. She saw, as it were, within her eyelids, that sea of loathing faces all turned toward her, as toward something unclean and loathly. And you must remember, you who in the nineteenth century read this tale, that witchcraft was a real terrible sin to her, Lois Barclay, two hundred years ago. The look on their faces, stamped on heart and brain, excited in her a sort of strange sympathy. Could it, O God!—could it be true that Satan had obtained the terrific power over her and her will, of which she had heard and read? Could she indeed be possessed by a demon and be indeed a witch, and yet till now have been unconscious of it? And her excited imagination recalled with singular vividness all she had ever heard on the subject—the horrible midnight sacrament, the very presence and power of Satan—every angry thought against her neighbor, against the impertinences of Prudence, the overbearing authority of her aunt, the persevering, crazy suit of Manasseh, the indignation—only that morning, but such ages off in real time—at Faith's injustice. Oh! could such evil thoughts have had devilish power given to them by the father of evil, and, all unconsciously to herself, have gone forth as active curses into the world? And so on the ideas went careering wildly through the poor girl's brain—the girl thrown inward upon herself. At length the sting of her imagination forced her to start up impatiently. What was this? A weight of iron on her legs—a weight stated afterward, by the jailer of Salem prison, to have been "not more than eight pounds." It was well for Lois it was a tangible ill, bringing her back from the wild, illimitable desert in which her imagination was wandering. She took hold of the iron, and saw her torn stocking, her bruised ankle, and began to cry pitifully out of strange compassion with herself. They feared, then, that even in that cell she would find a way to escape. Why, the utter ridiculous impossibility of the thing convinced her of her own innocence and ignorance of all supernatural power; and the heavy iron brought her strangely round from the delusions that seemed to be gathering around her.

No! she never could fly out of that deep dungeon; there was no escape, natural or supernatural, for her unless by man's mercy. And what was man's mercy in such times of panic? Lois knew that it was nothing; instinct more than reason taught her that panic educes cowardice, and cowardice cruelty. Yet she cried, cried freely, and for the first time, when she found herself ironed and chained. It seemed so cruel, so much as if her fellow-creatures had really learned to hate and dread her—her, who had had a few angry thoughts, which God forgive, but whose thoughts had never gone into words, far less into actions. Why, now she could love all the household at home if they would but let her; yes, even yet, though she felt that it was the open accusation of Prudence and the withheld justifications of her aunt and Faith that had brought her to her present strait. Would they ever come and see her? Would kinder thoughts of her—she who had shared their daily bread for months and months—bring them to see her, and ask her whether it were really she who had brought on the illness of Prudence, the derangement of Manasseh's mind?

No one came. Bread and water were pushed in by some one, who hastily locked and unlocked the door, and cared not to see if he put them within his prisoner's reach, or perhaps thought that physical fact mattered little to a witch. It was long before Lois could reach them, and she had something of the natural hunger of youth left in her still, which prompted her, lying her length on the floor, to weary herself with efforts to obtain the bread. After she had eaten some of it the day began to wane, and she thought she would lay her down and try to sleep. But before she did so the jailer heard her singing the Evening Hymn—

> "Glory to thee, my God, this night,
> For all the blessings of the light."

And a dull thought came into his dull mind that she was thankful for few blessings if she could tune up her voice to sing praises after this day of what, if she were a witch, was shameful detection in abominable practices; and if not— Well, his mind stopped short at this point in his wondering contemplation. Lois knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, pausing just a little before one clause, that she might be sure that in her heart of hearts she did forgive. Then she looked at her ankle, and the tears came into her eyes once again, but not so much because she was hurt as because men must have hated her so bitterly before they could have treated her so. Then she lay down and fell asleep.

The next day she was led before Mr. Hathorn and Mr. Curwin, justices of Salem, to be accused legally and publicly of witchcraft. Others were there accused like her. And when the prisoners were brought in they were cried out at by the abhorrent crowd. The two Tappaus, Prudence, and one or two other girls of the same age were there, in the character of victims of the spells of the accused. The prisoners were placed about seven or eight feet from the justices, and the accusers between the justices and them; the former were then ordered to stand right before the justices. All this Lois did at their bidding with something of the wondering docility of a child, but not with any hope of softening the hard, stony look of detestation that was on all the countenances around her, save those that were distorted by more passionate anger. Then an officer was bidden to hold each of her hands, and Justice Hathorn bade her keep her eyes continually fixed on him, for this reason—which, however, was not told to her—lest, if she looked on Prudence, the girl would either fall into a fit or cry out that she was suddenly and violently hurt. If any heart could have been touched of that cruel multitude, they would have felt some compassion for the sweet young face of the English girl, trying so meekly to do all that she was bidden, her face quite white, yet so full of sad gentleness, her gray eyes, a little dilated by the very solemnity of her position, fixed with the intent look of innocent maidenhood on the stern face of Justice Hathorn. And thus they stood in silence one breathless minute. Then they were bidden to say the Lord's Prayer. Lois went through it as if alone in her cell; but, as she had done alone in her cell the night before, she made a little pause before the prayer to be forgiven as she forgave. And at this instant of hesitation—as if they had been on the watch for it—they all cried out upon her for a witch, and when the clamor ended the justices bade Prudence Hickson come forward. Then Lois turned a little to one side, wishing to see at least one familiar face; but when her eyes fell upon Prudence the girl stood stock-still, and answered no questions, nor spoke a word, and the justices declared that she was struck dumb by witchcraft. Then some behind took Prudence under the arms, and would have forced her forward to touch Lois, possibly esteeming that as a cure for her being bewitched. But Prudence had hardly been made to take three steps before she struggled out of their arms, and fell down writhing as in a fit, calling out with shrieks, and entreating Lois to help her and save her from her torment. Then all the girls began "to tumble down like swine" (to use the words of an eye-witness), and to cry out upon Lois and her fellow-prisoners. These last were now ordered to stand with their hands stretched out, it being imagined that if the bodies of the witches were arranged in the form of a cross they would lose their evil power. By-and-by Lois felt her strength going, from the unwonted fatigue of such a position, which she had borne patiently until the pain and weariness had forced both tears and sweat down her face, and she asked, in a low, plaintive voice, if she might not rest her head for a few moments against the wooden partition. But Justice Hathorn told her she had strength enough to torment others, and should have strength enough to stand. She sighed a little, and bore on, the clamor against her and the other accused increasing every moment. The only way she could keep herself from utterly losing consciousness was by distracting herself from present pain and danger, and saying to herself verses of the Psalms as she could remember them, expressive of trust in God. At length she was ordered back to jail, and dimly understood that she and others were sentenced to be hanged for witchcraft. Many people now looked eagerly at Lois to see if she would weep at this doom. If she had had strength now to cry, it might—it was just possible that it might—have been considered a plea in her favor, for witches could not shed tears; but she was too exhausted and dead. All she wanted was to lie down once more on her prison-bed, out of the reach of men's cries of abhorrence, and out of shot of their cruel eyes. So they led her back to prison, speechless and tearless.

But rest gave her back her power of thought and suffering. Was it indeed true that she was to die? She, Lois Barclay, only eighteen, so well, so young, so full of love and hope as she had been till but these little days past. What would they think of it at home—real, dear home at Barford, in England? There they had loved her; there she had gone about singing and rejoicing all the day long in the pleasant meadows by the Avon side. Oh! why did father and mother die, and leave her their bidding to come here to this cruel New England shore, where no one had wanted her, no one had cared for her, and where now they were going to put her to a shameful death as a witch? And there would be no one to send kindly messages by to those she should never see more. Never more. Young Lucy was living, and joyful—probably thinking of her, and of his declared intention of coming to fetch her home to be his wife this very spring. Possibly he had forgotten her; no one knew. A week before she would have been indignant at her own distrust in thinking for a minute that he could forget. Now, she doubted all men's goodness for a time; for those around her were deadly, and cruel, and relentless.

Then she turned round, and beat herself with angry blows (to speak in images) for ever doubting her lover. Oh! if she were but with him! Oh! if she might but be with him! He would not let her die, but would hide her in his bosom from the wrath of this people, and carry her back to the old home at Barford. And he might even now be sailing on the wide, blue sea, coming nearer, nearer every moment, and yet be too late after all.

So the thoughts chased each other through her head all that feverish night, till she clung almost deliriously to life, and wildly prayed that she might not die; at least, not just yet, and she so young!

Pastor Tappau and certain elders roused her up from a heavy sleep late on the morning of the following day. All night long she had trembled and cried, till morning light had come peering in through the square grating up above. It soothed her, and she fell asleep, to be awakened, as I have said, by Pastor Tappau.

"Arise!" said he, scrupling to touch her, from his superstitious idea of her evil powers. "It is noonday."

"Where am I?" said she, bewildered at this unusual wakening, and the array of severe faces all gazing upon her with reprobation.

"You are in Salem jail, condemned for a witch."

"Alas! I had forgotten for an instant," said she, dropping her head upon her breast.

"She has been out on a devilish ride all night long, doubtless, and is weary and perplexed this morning," whispered one, in so low a voice that he did not think she could hear; but she lifted up her eyes, and looked at him, with mute reproach.

"We are come," said Pastor Tappau, "to exhort you to confess your great and manifold sin."

"My great and manifold sin," repeated Lois to herself, shaking her head.

"Yea, your sin of witchcraft. If you will confess, there may yet be balm in Gilead."

One of the elders, struck with pity at the young girl's wan, shrunken look, said, that if she confessed, and repented, and did penance, that possibly her life might yet be spared.

A sudden flash of light came into her sunk, dulled eye. Might she yet live? Was it yet in her power? Why, no one knew how soon Ralph Lucy might be here to take her away forever into the peace of a new home! Life! Oh, then, all hope was not over—perhaps she might yet live, and not die. Yet the truth came once more out of her lips, almost without any exercise of her will.

"I am not a witch," she said.

Then Pastor Tappau blindfolded her, all unresisting, but with languid wonder in her heart as to what was to come next. She heard people enter the dungeon softly, and heard whispering voices; then her hands were lifted up and made to touch some one near, and in an instant she heard a noise of struggling, and the well-known voice of Prudence shrieking out in one of her hysterical fits, and screaming to be taken away and out of that place. It seemed to Lois as if some of her judges must have doubted of her guilt, and demanded yet another test. She sat down heavily on her bed, thinking she must be in a horrible dream, so compassed about with dangers and enemies did she seem. Those in the dungeon—and by the oppression of the air she perceived that they were many—kept on eager talking in low voices. She did not try to make out the sense of the fragments of sentences that reached her dulled brain, till all at once a word or two made her understand they were discussing the desirableness of applying the whip or the torture to make her confess, and reveal by what means the spell she had cast upon those whom she had bewitched could be dissolved. A thrill of affright ran through her; and she cried out, beseechingly,

"I beg you, Sirs, for God's mercy sake, that you do not use such awful means. I may say any thing—nay, I may accuse any one if I am subjected to such torment as I have heard tell about. For I am but a young girl, and not very brave, or very good, as some are."

It touched the hearts of one or two to see her standing there; the tears streaming down from below the coarse handkerchief tightly bound over her eyes; the clanking chain fastening the heavy weight to the slight ankle; the two hands held together as if to keep down a convulsive motion.

"Look!" said one of these. "She is weeping. They say no witch can weep tears."

But another scoffed at this test, and bade the first remember how those of her own family, the Hicksons even, bore witness against her.

Once more she was bidden to confess. The charges, esteemed by all men (as they said) to have been proven against her, were read over to her, with all the testimony borne against her in proof thereof. They told her that, considering the godly family to which she belonged, it had been decided by the magistrates and ministers of Salem that she should have her life spared if she would own her guilt, make reparation, and submit to penance; but that if not, she, and others convicted of witchcraft along with her, were to be hung in Salem market-place on the next Thursday morning (Thursday being market-day). And when they had thus spoken they waited silently for her answer. It was a minute or two before she spoke. She had sat down again upon the bed meanwhile, for indeed she was very weak. She asked, "May I have this handkerchief unbound from my eyes, for indeed, Sir, it hurts me?"

The occasion for which she was blindfolded being over, the bandage was taken off, and she was allowed to see. She looked pitifully at the stern faces around her, in grim suspense as to what her answer would be. Then she spoke:

"Sir, I must choose death with a quiet conscience rather than life to be gained by a lie. I am not a witch. I know not hardly what you mean when you say I am. I have done many, many things very wrong in my life; but I think God will forgive me them for my Saviour's sake."

"Take not His name on your wicked lips," said Pastor Tappau, enraged at her resolution of not confessing, and scarcely able to keep himself from striking her. She saw the desire he had, and shrank away in timid fear. Then Justice Hathorn solemnly read the legal condemnation of Lois Barclay to death by hanging, as a convicted witch. She murmured something which nobody heard fully, but which sounded like a prayer for pity and compassion on her tender years and friendless estate. Then they left her to all the horrors of that solitary, loathsome dungeon, and the strange terror of approaching death.

Outside the prison walls the dread of the witches, and the excitement against witchcraft, grew with fearful rapidity. Numbers of women, and men, too, were accused, no matter what their station of life and their former character had been. On the other side, it is alleged that upward of fifty persons were grievously vexed by the devil, and those to whom he had imparted of his power for vile and wicked considerations. How much of malice, distinct, unmistakable personal malice, was mixed up with these accusations, no one can now tell. The dire statistics of this time tell us that fifty-five escaped death by confessing themselves guilty, one hundred and fifty were in prison, more than two hundred accused, and upward of twenty suffered death, among whom was the minister I have called Nolan, who was traditionally esteemed to have suffered through hatred of his co-pastor. One old man, scorning the accusation, and refusing to plead at his trial, was, according to the law, pressed to death for his contumacy. Nay, even dogs were accused of witchcraft, suffered the penalties of the law, and are recorded among the subjects of capital punishment. One young man found means to effect his mother's escape from confinement, fled with her on horseback, and secreted her in the Blueberry Swamp, not far from Taplay's Brook, in the Great Pasture; he concealed her here in a wigwam which he built for her shelter, provided her with food and clothing, and comforted and sustained her until after the delusion had passed away. The poor creature must, however, have suffered dreadfully, for one of her arms was fractured in the all but desperate effort of getting her out of prison.

But there was no one to try and save Lois. Grace Hickson would fain have ignored her altogether. Such a taint did witchcraft bring upon a whole family that generations of blameless life was not at that day esteemed sufficient to wash it out. Besides, you must remember that Grace, along with most people of her time, believed most firmly in the reality of the crime of witchcraft. Poor, forsaken Lois, believed in it herself, and it added to her terror, for the jailer, in an unusually communicative mood, told her that nearly every cell was now full of witches; and it was possible he might have to put one, if more came, in with her. Lois knew that she was no witch herself; but not the less did she believe that the crime was abroad, and largely shared in by evil-minded persons who had chosen to give up their souls to Satan; and she shuddered with terror at what the jailer said, and would have asked him to spare her this companionship if it were possible. But somehow her senses were leaving her, and she could not remember the right words in which to form her request, until he had left the place.

The only person who yearned after Lois—who would have befriended her if he could—was Manasseh: poor, mad Manasseh. But he was so wild and outrageous in his talk that it was all his mother could do to keep his state concealed from public observation. She had for this purpose given him a sleeping potion; and while he lay heavy and inert under the influence of the poppy-tea, his mother bound him with cords to the heavy, antique bed in which he slept. She looked broken-hearted while she did this office, and thus acknowledged the degradation of her first-born—him of whom she had ever been so proud.

Late that evening Grace Hickson stood in Lois's cell, hooded and cloaked up to her eyes. Lois was sitting quite still, playing idly with a bit of string one of the magistrates had dropped out of his pocket that morning. Her aunt was standing by her for an instant or two in silence before Lois seemed aware of her presence. Suddenly she looked up, and uttered a little cry, shrinking away from the dark figure. Then, as if her cry had loosened Grace's tongue, she began:

"Lois Barclay, did I ever do you any harm?" Grace did not know how often her want of loving-kindness had pierced the tender heart of the stranger under her roof; nor did Lois remember it against her now. Instead, Lois's memory was filled with grateful thoughts of how much that might have been left undone, by a less conscientious person, her aunt had done for her, and she half stretched out her arms as to a friend in that desolate place, as she answered,

"Oh no, no! you were very good! very kind!" But Grace stood immovable.

"I did you no harm, although I never rightly knew why you came to us."

"I was sent by my mother on her death-bed," moaned Lois, covering her face. It grew darker every instant. Her aunt stood, still and silent.

"Did any of mine ever wrong you?" she asked, after a time.

"No, no; never, till Prudence said— Oh, aunt, do you think I am a witch?" And now Lois was standing up, holding by Grace's cloak, and trying to read her face. Grace drew herself, ever so little, away from the girl, whom she dreaded, and yet sought to propitiate.

"Wiser than I, godlier than I, have said it. But oh, Lois, Lois! he was my first-born. Loose him from the demon, for the sake of Him whose name I dare not name in this terrible building, filled with them who have renounced the hopes of their baptism; loose Manasseh from his awful state, if ever I or mine did you a kindness!"

"You ask me for Christ's sake," said Lois. "I can name that holy name—for oh, aunt! indeed, and in holy truth, I am no witch; and yet I am to die—to be hanged! Aunt, do not let them kill me! I am so young, and I never did any one any harm that I know of."

"Hush! for very shame! This afternoon I have bound my first-born with strong cords to keep him from doing himself or us a mischief—he is so frenzied. Lois Barclay, look here!"—and Grace knelt down at her niece's feet, and joined her hands as if in prayer—"I am a proud woman, God forgive me! and I never thought to kneel to any save to Him. And now I kneel at your feet to pray you to release my children, more especially my son Manasseh, from the spells you have put upon them. Lois, hearken to me, and I will pray to the Almighty for you, if yet there may be mercy."

"I can not do it; I never did you or yours any wrong. How can I undo it? How can I?" And she wrung her hands in intensity of conviction of the inutility of aught she could do.

Here Grace got up, slowly, stiffly, and sternly. She stood aloof from the chained girl in the remote corner of the prison-cell near the door, ready to make her escape as soon as she had cursed the witch, who would not, or could not, undo the evil she had wrought. Grace lifted up her right hand, and held it up on high, as she doomed Lois to be accursed forever, for her deadly sin, and her want of mercy even at this final hour. And, lastly, she summoned her to meet her at the judgment-seat, and answer for this deadly injury done to both souls and bodies of those who had taken her in, and received her when she came to them an orphan and a stranger.

Until this last summons Lois had stood as one who hears her sentence and can say nothing against it, for she knows all would be in vain. But she lifted her head when she heard her aunt speak of the judgment-seat, and at the end of Grace's speech she, too, lifted up her right hand, as if solemnly pledging herself by that action, and replied:

"Aunt! I will meet you there. And there you will know my innocence of this deadly thing. God have mercy on you and yours!"

Her calm voice maddened Grace, and making a gesture as if she plucked up a handful of dust off the floor and threw it at Lois, she cried:

"Witch! witch! ask mercy for thyself—I need not your prayers. Witches' prayers are read backward. I spit at thee, and defy thee!" And so she went away.

Lois sat moaning all that night through. "God comfort me! God strengthen me!" was all she could remember to say. She just felt that want, nothing more—all other fears and wants seemed dead within her. And when the jailer brought in her breakfast the next morning, he reported her as "gone silly;" for, indeed, she did not seem to know him, but kept rocking herself to and fro, and whispering softly to herself, smiling a little from time to time.

But God did comfort her, and strengthen her too. Late on that Wednesday afternoon they thrust another "witch" into her cell, bidding the two, with opprobrious words, keep company together. The new-comer fell prostrate with the push given her from without; and Lois, not recognizing any thing but an old ragged woman lying helpless on her face on the ground, lifted her up; and lo! it was Nattee—dirty, filthy indeed, mud-pelted, stone-bruised, beaten, and all astray in her wits with the treatment she had received from the mob outside. Lois held her in her arms, and softly wiped the old brown wrinkled face with her apron, crying over it as she had hardly yet cried over her own sorrows. For hours she tended the old Indian woman—tended her bodily woes; and as the poor scattered senses of the savage creature came slowly back, Lois gathered her infinite dread of the morrow, when she, too, as well as Lois, was to be led out to die, in face of all that infuriated crowd. Lois sought in her own mind for some source of comfort for the old woman, who shook like one in the shaking palsy at the dread of death—and such a death.

When all was quiet through the prison in the deep dead midnight, the jailer outside the door heard Lois telling, as if to a young child, the marvelous and sorrowful story of one who died on the cross for us and for our sakes. As long as she spoke, the Indian woman's terror seemed lulled; but the instant she paused, for weariness, Nattee cried out afresh, as if some wild beast were following her close through the dense forests in which she had dwelt in her youth. And then Lois went on, saying all the blessed words she could remember, and comforting the helpless Indian woman with the sense of the presence of a Heavenly Friend. And in comforting her, Lois was comforted; in strengthening her, Lois was strengthened.

The morning came, and the summons to come forth and die came. They who entered the cell found Lois asleep, her face resting on the slumbering old woman, whose head she still held in her lap. She did not seem clearly to know where she was when she awakened; the "silly" look had returned to her wan face; all she seemed to know was that somehow or another, through some peril or another, she had to protect the poor Indian woman. She smiled faintly when she saw the bright light of the April day; and put her arm round Nattee, and tried to keep the Indian quiet with hushing, soothing words of broken meaning, and holy fragments of the Psalms. Nattee tightened her hold upon Lois as they drew near the gallows, and the outrageous crowd below began to hoot and yell. Lois redoubled her efforts to calm and encourage Nattee, seemingly unconscious that any of the opprobrium, the hootings, the stones, the mud, was directed toward herself. But when they took Nattee from her arms, and led her out to suffer first, Lois seemed all at once to recover her sense of the present terror. She gazed wildly around, stretched out her arms as if to some person in the distance, who was yet visible to her, and cried out once with a voice that thrilled through all who heard it, "Mother!" Directly afterward the body of Lois the Witch swung in the air, and every one stood, with hushed breath, with a sudden wonder, like a fear of deadly crime, fallen upon them.

The stillness and the silence were broken by one crazed and mad, who came rushing up the steps of the ladder, and caught Lois's body in his arms, and kissed her lips with wild passion. And then, as if it were true what the people believed, that he was possessed by a demon, he sprang down, and rushed through the crowd, out of the bounds of the city, and into the dark dense forest, and Manasseh Hickson was no more seen of Christian man.

The people of Salem had awakened from their frightful delusion before the autumn, when Captain Holdernesse and Ralph Lucy came to find out Lois, and bring her home to peaceful Barford, in the pleasant country of England. Instead, they led them to the grassy grave where she lay at rest, done to death by mistaken men. Ralph Lucy shook the dust off his feet in quitting Salem, with a heavy, heavy heart; and lived a bachelor all his life long for her sake.

Long years afterward Captain Holdernesse sought him out to tell him some news that he thought might interest the grave miller of the Avonside. Captain Holdernesse told him that in the previous year, it was then 1713, the sentence of excommunication against the witches of Salem was ordered in godly sacramental meeting of the Church to be erased and blotted out, and that those who met together for this purpose "humbly requested the merciful God would pardon whatsoever sin, error, or mistake was in the application of justice through our merciful High Priest, who knoweth how to have compassion on the ignorant, and those that are out of the way." He also said that Prudence Hickson—now woman grown—had made a most touching and pungent declaration of sorrow and repentance before the whole Church, for the false and mistaken testimony she had given in several instances, among which she particularly mentioned that of her cousin Lois Barclay. To all which Ralph Lucy only answered,

"No repentance of theirs can bring her back to life."

Then Captain Holdernesse took out a paper, and read the following humble and solemn declaration of regret on the part of those who signed it, among whom Grace Hickson was one:

> "We, whose names are undersigned, being, in the year 1692, called to serve as jurors in court at Salem, on trial of many who were by some suspected guilty of doing acts of witchcraft upon the bodies of sundry persons; we confess that we ourselves were not capable to understand, nor able to withstand, the mysterious delusions of the powers of darkness, and prince of the air, but were, for want of knowledge in ourselves, and better information from others, prevailed with to take up with such evidence against the accused, as, on further consideration, and better information, we justly fear was insufficient for the touching the lives of any (Deut. xvii. 6), whereby we fear we have been instrumental, with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon ourselves and this people of the Lord the guilt of innocent blood; which sin, the Lord saith in Scripture, he would not pardon (2 Kings, xxiv. 4), that is, we suppose, in regard of his temporal judgments. We do, therefore, signify to all in general (and to the surviving sufferers in special) our deep sense of, and sorrow for, our errors, in acting on such evidence to the condemning of any person; and do hereby declare, that we justly fear that we were sadly deluded and mistaken, for which we are much disquieted and distressed in our minds, and do therefore humbly beg forgiveness, first of God for Christ's sake, for this our error; and pray that God would not impute the guilt of it to ourselves nor others; and we also pray that we may be considered candidly and aright by the living sufferers, as being then under the power of a strong and general delusion, utterly unacquainted with, and not experienced in, matters of that nature.
>
> "We do heartily ask forgiveness of you all, whom we have justly offended; and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again on such grounds for the whole world; praying you to accept of this in way of satisfaction for our offense, and that you would bless the inheritance of the Lord, that He may be entreated for the land.
>
> "Foreman, Thomas Fisk, etc."

To the reading of this paper Ralph Lucy made no reply save this, even more gloomily than before:

"All their repentance will avail nothing to my Lois, nor will it bring back her life."

Then Captain Holdernesse spoke once more, and said that on the day of the general fast, appointed to be held all through New England, when the meeting-houses were crowded, an old, old man with white hair had stood up in the place in which he was accustomed to worship, and had handed up into the pulpit a written confession, which he had once or twice essayed to read for himself, acknowledging his great and grievous error in the matter of the witches of Salem, and praying for the forgiveness of God and of his people, ending with an entreaty that all then present would join with him in prayer that his past conduct might not bring down the displeasure of the Most High upon his country, his family, or himself. That old man, who was no other than Justice Sewall, remained standing all the time that his confession was read; and at the end he said, "The good and gracious God be pleased to save New England and me and my family." And then it came out that for years past Judge Sewall had set apart a day for humiliation and prayer to keep fresh in his mind a sense of repentance and sorrow for the part he had borne in these trials, and that this solemn anniversary he was pledged to keep as long as he lived, to show his feeling of deep humiliation.

Ralph Lucy's voice trembled as he spoke. "All this will not bring my Lois to life again, or give me back the hope of my youth."

But—as Captain Holdernesse shook his head (for what word could he say, or how dispute what was so evidently true?)—Ralph added, "What is the day, know you, that this justice has set apart?"

"The twenty-ninth of April."

"Then on that day will I, here at Barford in England, join my prayers as long as I live with the repentant judge, that his sin may be blotted out and no more had in remembrance. She would have willed it so."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XI.

DUSK.

The wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die fell under the sentence as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had not ceased when Lucie stood stretching out her arms toward her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!"

There was but a jailer left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him, then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest!"

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above; don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I send it her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

"My husband. No! A moment!" He was tearing himself apart from her. "We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by-and-by; but I will do my duty while I can, and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her as He did for me."

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying:

"No, no! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know now what a struggle you made of old. We know now what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

"It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner. "All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always-vain endeavor to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

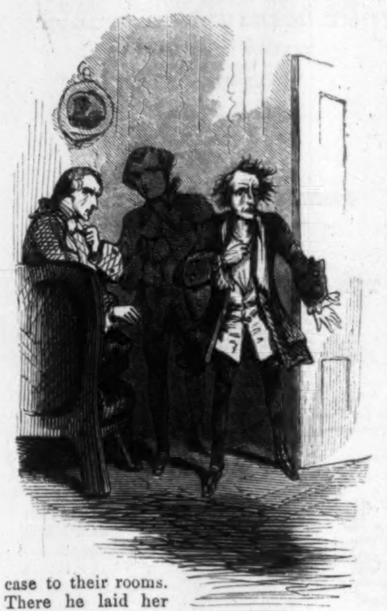
As he was drawn away his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoners' door she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet there was an air about him that was not all of pity—that had a flush of pride in it.

"Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, to picture to himself on which of the rough stones of the street her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the stair-



case to their rooms. There he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so; don't revive her to consciousness while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! Oh, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused. "I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterward that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterward, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love."

When he had gone out into the next room he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter:

"You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it, at least, be tried. These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, and very recognizant of your services; are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him; and I did." He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly.

"Try them again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short; but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay down if it were not."

"I will go," said Doctor Manette, "to the Prosecutor and the President straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write, too, and— But stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark."

"That's true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlorner for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed; though, mind! I expect nothing! When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette?"

"Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this."

"It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I."

"If any of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him—which is a large supposition; for what is his life, or any man's, to them!—I doubt if they durst spare him after the demonstration in the Court."

"And so do I. I heard the fall of the axe in that sound."

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the door-post, and bowed his face upon it.

"Don't despond," said Carton, very gently; "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think 'his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,' and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope," echoed Carton; and walked with a settled step down stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

DARKNESS.

Sydney Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking-house at nine," he said, with a musing face. "Shall I do well, in the mean time, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation. But care, care, care! Let me think it out."

Checking his steps, which had begun to tend toward an object, he took a turn or two in the already darkening street, and traced the thought in his mind to its possible consequences. His first impression was confirmed. "It is best," he said, finally resolved, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he turned his face toward Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself that day as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well to find his house without asking any question. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment, and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years he had no strong drink. Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine, and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr. Lorry's hearth like a man who had done with it.

It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke, refreshed, and went out into the streets again. As he passed along toward Saint Antoine he stopped at a shop-window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat-collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers and the croaking voice. This man, whom he had seen upon the Jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent, "Yes, madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good-evening.

"How?"

"Good-evening."

"Oh! Good-evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter and said, "Certainly, a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like." Jacques Three pacifically remarked, "He is so much in your mind, see you, madame." The amiable Vengeance added, with a laugh, "Yes, my faith! And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more to-morrow!"

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper with a slow forefinger and with a studiious and absorbed face. They were all leaning their arms on the counter close together, speaking low. After a silence of a few moments, during which they had all looked toward him without disturbing his outward attention from the Jacobin editor, they resumed their conversation.

"It is true what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still, where?"

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance also highly approved.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes, I have observed his face. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care of his face!"

"And you have observed, my wife," said Defarge, in a deprecatory manner, "the anguish of his daughter, which must be dreadful anguish to him!"

"I have observed his daughter!" repeated madame; "yes, I have observed his daughter more times than one. I have observed her to-day, and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger—!" She seemed to raise it (the listener's eyes were always on his paper), and to let it fall with a rattle on the ledge before her, as if the axe had dropped.

"The citizeness is superb!" croaked the Juryman.

"She is an Angel!" said the Vengeance, and embraced her.

"As to thee," pursued madame, implacably, addressing her husband, "if it depended on thee—which, happily, it does not—thou wouldst rescue this man even now."

"No!" protested Defarge. "Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

"See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; "and see you too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

"In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastile falls, he finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night, when this place is clear and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"That night I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burned out, and the day is gleaming in above those shutters and between those iron bars, that I have now a secret to communicate. Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge again.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands as I smite it now, and I tell him, 'Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the sea-shore, and that injured family is mine. Defarge, that sister was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that unborn child was their child, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!' Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge once more.

"Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop," returned madame, "but don't tell me."

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath—the listener could feel how white she was, without seeing her—and both highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis; but only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply. "Tell the Wind and Fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed toward the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door and put her arm on his in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But he went on his way and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen since he quitted the banking-house toward four o'clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone: where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten; but Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her and come to the banking-house again at midnight. In the mean while, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them they asked him no question, for his face told them every thing.

"I can not find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and as he spoke, with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking every where for my bench and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

"Come, come!" said he, in a whimpering, miserable way; "let me get to work. Give me my work."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair and beat his feet upon the ground like a distracted child.

"Don't torture a poor forlorn wretch," he implored them, with a dreadful cry; "but give me my work! What is to become of us if those shoes are not done to-night?"

Lost, utterly lost!

It was so clearly beyond hope to reason with him or try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—they each put a hand upon his shoulder and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair and brooded over the embers and shed tears. As if all that had happened since the garret time were a momentary fancy or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink into the exact figure that Defarge had had in keeping.

Affected and impressed with terror as they both were by this spectacle of ruin, it was not a time to yield to such emotions. His lonely daughter, bereft of her final hope and reliance, appealed to them both too strongly. Again, as if by agreement, they looked at one another with one meaning in their faces. Carton was the first to speak:

"The last chance is gone: it was not much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But before you go will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason—a good one."

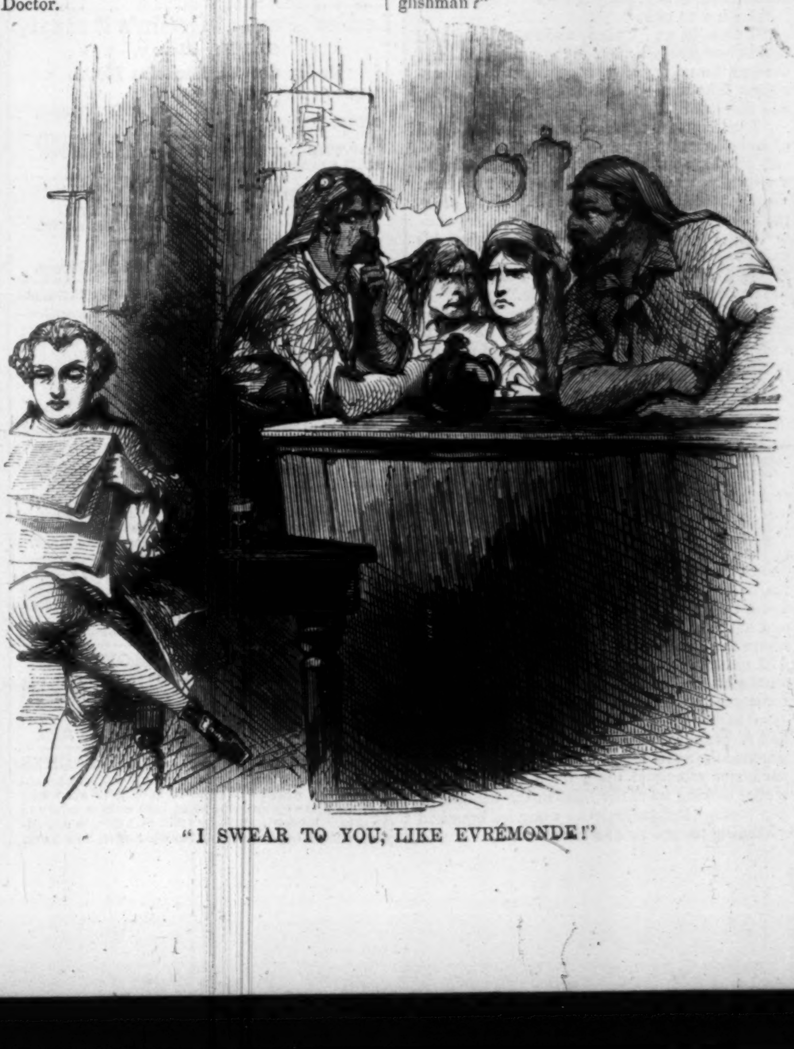
"I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. "Say on."

The figure in the chair between them was all the time monotonously rocking itself to and fro, and moaning. They spoke in such a tone as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so a small case, in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up and there was a folded paper in it. "We should look at this?" he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

"A moment! Let me speak of it in its place. First," he put his hand in his coat and took another paper from it, "that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"



"I SWEAR TO YOU, LIKE EVRÉMONDE!"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

"Why not?"

"I don't know: I prefer not to do so. Now take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child at any time to pass the Barrier and the frontier? You see?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe! I never doubted until within this hour or two that he had, or could have, such a paper. It is good until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and I have reason to think will be."

"They are not in danger?"

"They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman's, to-night, which have presented their danger to me in strong colors. I have lost no time, and since then I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison-wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen Her"—he never mentioned Lucie's name—"making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to foresee that the pretense will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life—and perhaps her child's—and perhaps her father's—for both have been seen with her at that place. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all."

"Heaven grant I may, Carton! But how?"

"I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after to-morrow; probably not until two or three days afterward; more probably a week afterward. You know it is a capital crime to mourn for, or sympathize with, a victim of the Guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman (the inveteracy of whose pursuit can not be described) would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You follow me?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the Doctor's chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money, and can buy the means of traveling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring that Mr. Lorry caught the flame, and was quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man? Tell her to-night what you know of her danger as involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that, for she would lay her own fair head beside her husband's cheerfully." He faltered for an instant; then went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband's last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her; do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made in the court-yard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you under all circumstances?"

"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of Heaven you shall! Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another."

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words to-morrow: change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-by!"

Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and though he even put the old man's hand to his lips, he did not part from him then. He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers as to get a cloak and hat put upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it, and protected it to the court-yard of the house where the afflicted heart—so happy in the memorable time when he had revealed his own desolate heart to it—outwatched the awful night. He entered the court-yard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away he breathed a blessing toward it, and a Farewell.

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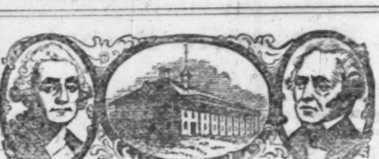

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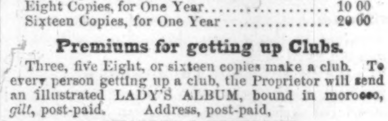

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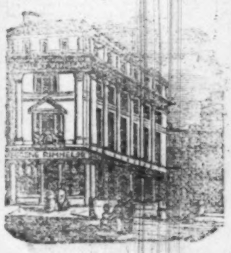

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The present Number closes the Nineteenth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In the Introductory Notice prefixed to the first Number, the Publishers announced their intention to present a periodical "which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest wish to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without. And they intend to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so much beyond its price, that it shall make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States."

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design the 114 Numbers of the Magazine already published will show. Each of these contains as much matter as an ordinary octavo of 400 pages, costing, if illustrated in the style of the Magazine, at least three dollars. The Nineteen Volumes of the Magazine are thus equivalent to a library of more than a Hundred Volumes, comprising the best productions of the foremost Novelists, Historians, Essayists, and Poets of the day.

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